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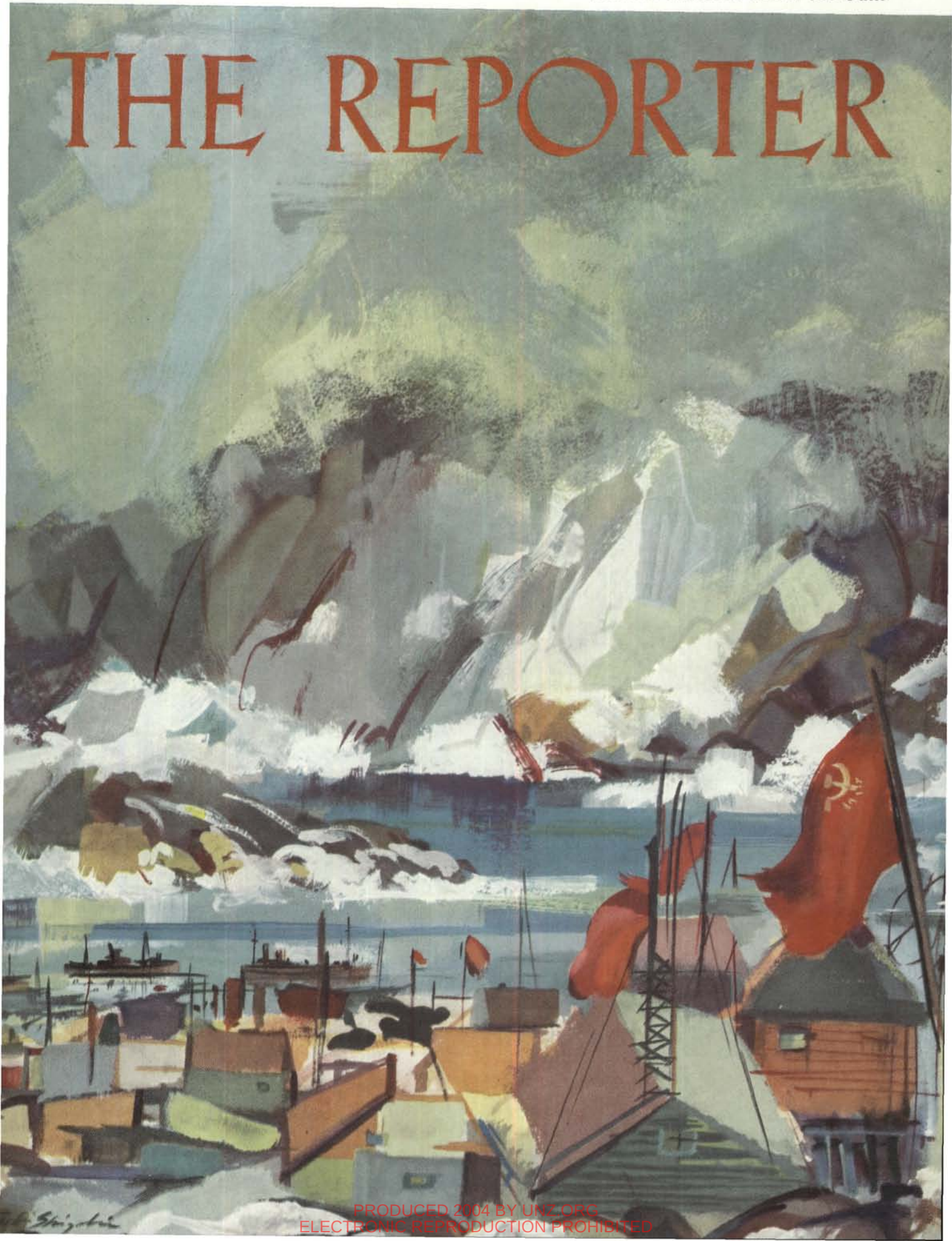
Finland: Freedom Under the Guns

THE REPORTER



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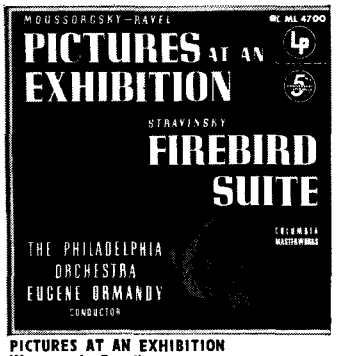

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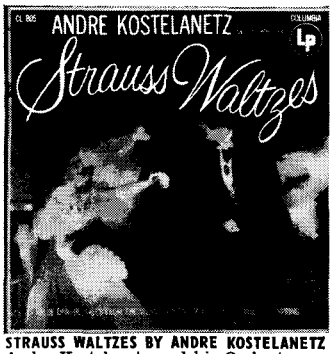

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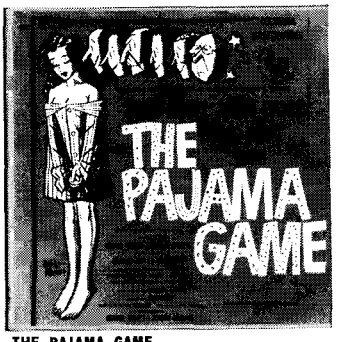

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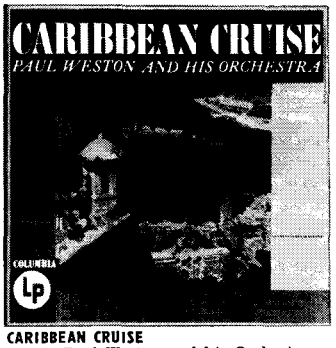

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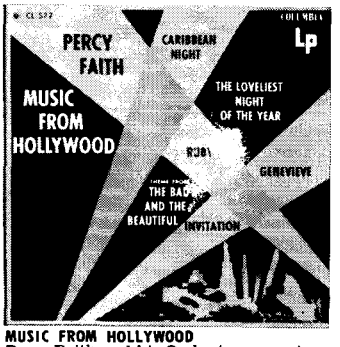

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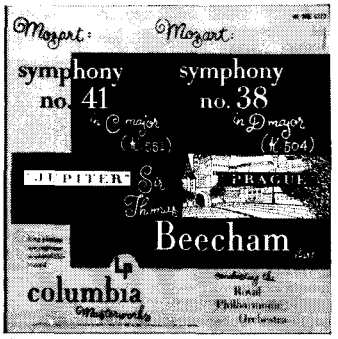

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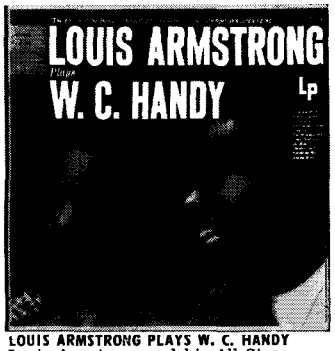

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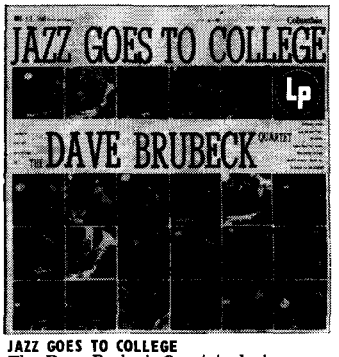

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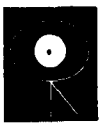

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Margin of Error

There are several ways how not to run a colony. One is to ride too hard and harass your colonials with such a mass of decrees and unworkable restrictions as to drive them to rebellion. That was the way of the reckless "Champagne Charley" Townshend and the haughty Lord North with King George III's American subjects.

Another is to vacillate, to alternate between shows of force and evasions of responsibility, to get off one horse and on another and try to gallop off in several directions at once, leaving your enemies aroused and your friends bewildered. This is another sure way of getting ever deeper into trouble, and it appears to be the method of the French in Morocco. Few moves in modern colonial history have been as inept as the French Cabinet's performance in the unseating of the recalcitrant Sultan Mohammed Ben Youssef two years ago. This was the deed that caused discontent to burst into the present crisis.

The deposing of Ben Youssef was not even a deliberate act of the French Government of the time. It was just sort of permitted to happen. The aged and wealthy chieftain of the Berber tribesmen, El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh, is a proclaimed friend of France and a bitter enemy of the former Sultan. El Glaoui rounded up his tribal kaids and their armed horsemen and proclaimed that Ben Youssef must go. The French were divided as to whether they themselves wanted Ben Youssef to go or not—and the Cabinet just then was preoccupied with a paralyzing public-services strike at home. After lending the Pasha some encouragement, Paris turned around and ordered the Resident General, Augustin Guillaume, to stop it. But in the mixup El Glaoui went ahead with his tribesmen and presented the capital at Rabat with a *fait accompli*. Thereupon Guillaume obligingly went in and asked the Sultan to get out.

TWO YEARS LATER, having assisted their friend El Glaoui to put in a new Sultan more to his liking, the French are in the position of having to ask him in turn please to get out, while they negotiate again with the old one. In the meantime, in August, a horde of the tribesmen of their trusted ally, El Glaoui, broke loose and massacred more than fifty of their French friends at Oued Zem. Since then the shooting has become pretty indiscriminate.

Every nation makes its mistakes, and who are we, the French may ask, to offer lectures on how to deal with native colonial peoples?

The trouble is that France, our oldest and probably our closest Ally, is not just the nation where SHAPE is housed. France is the keystone of NATO. What weakens and endangers France weakens and endangers us all.

Republican Seminar

When the Republican National Committee held a four-day seminar in Washington on campaign techniques, we ambled over to be educated ourselves. But the National Committee wasn't interested in educating *us*. "Spontaneity, that's what we want," said a young staff member, his back firmly planted against the door to the meeting room. "How the hell can we get it with you people around messing things up? It's bad enough trying to get forty-eight state chairmen to talk." He smiled at us cheerfully, waved, and disappeared inside the caucus room.

Back we came that evening to a press cocktail party. The room that had been barred to us in the morning was now a welter of reporters, state chairmen conspicuously wearing red-and-gold buttons, national committeemen with bigger buttons, blown-up pictures of Eisenhower and Nixon, and a lot of food (good) and liquor (strong). Our friend of the morning, still smiling, came up to us. "Tremendous success," he said. "We've got all but one of our state chairmen right here in this room. The other one's in Europe or he'd be here too. And they're all paying their own way, except for the trip to Denver. That part of it's on us. Great way to get people excited."

If the chairmen we talked to in our wanderings around the room are typical, a good many quiet changes have been taking place at the Republican grass roots. A once-divided party is now united; they all like Ike. Outside of the Southern delegation, only three of the forty-eight chairmen were in office before the last

GAZA STRIP

Borders are scratched across the hearts of men
By strangers with a calm, judicial pen,
And when the borders bleed we watch with dread
The lines of ink along the map turn red.

And yet to draw a line between two hates,
Containing them within their separate states
Can injure less than if the borders run
Into one state, annihilation.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, September 22, 1955. Volume 13, No. 4. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday, except for omission of two summer issues, by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1955 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new address. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

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Presidential election. These were the new Ikemen, young, enthusiastic, optimistic. A portly gentleman spotted us looking for familiar faces. "Heck, nobody knows anybody around here," he said. "Come on over and have a drink."

"I don't see how we can lose next year," said Albert C. Smith of Delaware, the one substitute chairman in the group. "Don't talk about it," said George L. Hart, Jr., of the District of Columbia. "Talk about the District's problems." We turned back to Mr. Smith. "Lots of changes in Delaware," he boomed at us. "You know, we didn't do very well in the last Congressional election. So we began asking ourselves questions. We've expanded and unified the party, brought in new blood. And the Taft men. They've embraced the Republican cause, and *that* means Mr. Eisenhower."

"Let me hold your drink," volunteered George Kinnear of Washington, a tall, solid-looking gentleman elected to office a year ago. His voice was quiet and confident. "We had considerable turmoil after the last election. State organization didn't settle down until very recently. Just about six months ago we beat the last Taft faction. I think you might say it's nonexistent now."

A good-looking young man whose tag said he was John Feikens of Michigan got on first-name terms with us immediately. "I'd call myself a progressive Republican," he said. "There are a lot of us in my state, always were. But President Eisenhower's election helped us along. I was elected in 1953."

"Young Republicans just about outnumber us in South Dakota," muttered F. N. Cosgrove, an old-timer himself, elected chairman in 1950 after training in the Governor's office and as a newspaperman.

"Gosh, I thought I'd be the baby of this group," said Walter J. Grimm, a dour-looking Vermonter. "I just got this job in May. But Leonard Hall was kidding me about it, said there were a lot around here even greener than me . . ."

Up came Alvin C. Cast of Indiana, a Taft delegate at the 1952 convention. "I'm a great admirer of President Eisenhower," he told us. Elected state chairman in 1952, he first got interested in politics in 1950. "I'm afraid that makes me pretty much of a greenhorn," he apologized. "Look at Dick Nixon," someone said. Mr. Cast looked pleased. "Gosh, I never thought of that," he said.

Congressmen at Large

The Geneva spirit descended just in time to waft flocks of Congressmen to Moscow, an unexpected boon to the Russian people. Now for a few weeks they have visitors around who can explain to them what they, the people, want. Congressmen are good at that; it takes scholars and diplomats and the responsible press months and years, and then they aren't positive, but Congressmen can tell what people want in a day or two. This uncanny insight works fine at home, and apparently it works in Russia too. Senator Ellender discovered that the Russian people don't want war. Senator Malone discerned that the Russian people don't want to rise against their rulers. Representative Joe Holt found that the Russian people want American jazz.

Malone was in Russia nine days, and discovered that the Voice of America is pointless and wasteful, because the people over there aren't going to revolt against the Soviets. Holt found that the Russians wouldn't let him look at much. "About all you can see," said Holt and his companion Representative John J. Rhodes, "are museums and Lenin's tomb." Also, their guides kept leaving them to take care of pro-Communist delegations.

BUT WORST of all, Holt was detained at pistol point for an hour by a Red Army lieutenant. One bit of the conversation on that occasion, as reported by the Congressman, is especially interesting. "He poked the gun about a foot from my face and it was cocked and he shouted 'You're uncultured! You're uncultured!' I said, 'I sure am.' "

We are confident that Representative Holt's troubles will not deter other Congressmen from finding out what the Russian people want, particularly if they can get themselves labeled as certified non-eggheads.

EXERCISE FOR THE LEFT HAND

"Either we foster flourishing trade between the free nations or we weaken the free world and our own economy." —President Eisenhower

Come, let us foster a flourishing trade,
A trade universal and free.
If the nations all sell exceedingly well
We'll have peace and prosperity.

There's only one thing worth remembering
As we foster a flourishing trade:
We must keep a sharp eye on whatever we buy,
Depending on where it is made.

If the British sell bikes that everyone likes,
We must slap on a tariff or two,
If the Swiss make a watch that is really top-notch,
We must see that it's tough on them too.

If the English make bids for a dam or a bridge
That are lower than ours, pay no heed;
We've got to consider the poor native bidder
(And Pittsburgh's in desperate need).

Come, let us foster a flourishing trade,
A trade universal and free,
So long as we're sure we need never endure
Competitive ignominy!

—SEC

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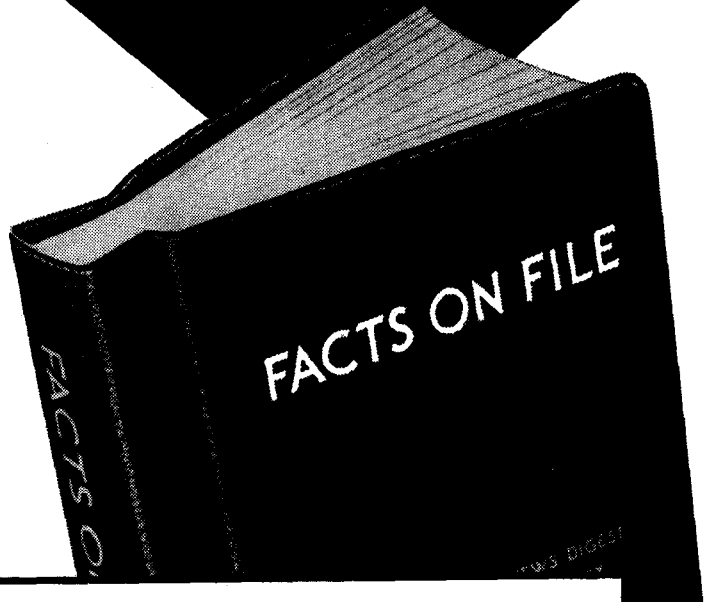

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CORRESPONDENCE

PUBLIC RELATIONS

To the Editor: My thanks to *The Reporter* and Robert Bendiner for "The 'Engineering of Consent'" (August 11). I feel the public-relations fraternity needs such sobering treatment. . . .

These men easily forget such simplicities as "the truth will always prevail" and "merit has its own reward." If the public-relations function were no more than to save an organization from hiding its light under a bushel, it would find its reward. To try to bend that light beam, or to have it seen through a prism, not only moves beyond the public-relations function but in so doing snuffs out the light. . . .

I would go a step further than Mr. Bendiner in summarizing the public-relations role in the community. Public-relations practice only exists because of the need for it. Once a public-relations man has ingrained his philosophy of behavior in management and has influenced policy, then public relations becomes a built-in management function. Once he has saturated his "client" with his philosophy, he is no longer needed—other than to conduct the routine communications processes for which his skill equips him.

This is the dilemma which I believe bewilders the subconscious mind of the publicist. He should not be so disturbed. Not only should he teach, he should learn. During his service he should become so familiar with the business that he can become an active member of management—so that he ceases making conclusions about management decisions and concludes by making decisions.

For the outside consultant this is impossible. His role, I believe, is to make his mark and resign, coming back another day to review progress. This service of checking behavior is as high a function as any public-relations man may aspire to, and there will be adequate rewards for it both in heaven and earth.

BILL POWELL
Director of Public Relations
Pillsbury Mills, Inc.
Minneapolis

To the Editor: I agree with much of what Mr. Bendiner had to say about the role of public relations in modern society—that it has a legitimate and constructive role to play; that it is more than a compiler and disseminator of useful information, becoming increasingly a molder of policy; that public relations becomes more essential with the increasing complexity of modern life; that it serves the needed function of interpreter in the two-way traffic of ideas, both from the inside out and from the outside in.

However, I believe Mr. Bendiner has misinterpreted what he calls the "self-doubt" and "introspective anxiety" of public-relations practitioners. He referred to the title of a speech by William G. Werner during his presidency of the Public Relations Society of America two years ago—"Can We Measure Up?"—as indicative of such misgivings, whereas the speech was a ringing declaration of high purpose and challenge to the members of our Society. Instead of betraying doubt, it was an expression of genuine confidence. Likewise the Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy study of the purpose and place of public relations is not indicative of the "ambiguity as to function" which Mr. Bendiner appears to ascribe to it; rather it is a definitive piece of research designed to challenge and guide newcomers to the field. The firm deserves Mr. Bendiner's compliment "most respected."

There could be—indeed there has been and will continue to be—endless debate on whether public relations deserves to be called a profession. I believe our friends are more inclined to pay us that compliment than we are to claim it for ourselves. However, we have come a long way since the term "public relations" came into common usage in America following the First World War. The Public Relations Society, which was founded in 1948, now numbers more than two thousand members representing more than a thousand of the foremost companies, associations, educational institutions, counseling firms, and others. Every member of our Society is pledged to a Code of Ethics and the Society has a National Judicial Council to enforce these standards of professional practice. The program of our Society both on the national level and in our twenty-eight chapters throughout the country is increasingly giving evidence of the maturing of public relations.

GEORGE M. CROWSON
President
Public Relations Society of America, Inc.
Chicago

To the Editor: Hearty congratulations on Robert Bendiner's excellent job. It is the most accurate, most complete, and most convincing I have read in your magazine since its start, and in my opinion should serve as a model to your staff.

I would stop at that were it not that the excellence of the article will undoubtedly make it of great reference value. Therefore, *without in any way qualifying my compliment*, I offer several footnotes and some comment.

I am quite naturally pleased that your documentation reflects the case built up, under my direction, against the Byoir type of public-relations propaganda.

The important ethical question lies in the sentence Mr. Bendiner italicized: "*Here we do not have a client for attribution.*" Truthful criticism of the trucking industry coming from plainly labeled railroad sources would not have been per se illegal or ethically objectionable. The law provides a wide range of protection against unfair or false criticism of this nature.

In fairness to Messrs. Byoir, T. J. Ross, and Tom Deegan, who shared responsibility for the campaign in question, none of the technics used was new. Most of them had been used for a century or more by finance and industry through lobbying and promotional-publicity campaigns. To what extent Mr. Byoir personally brought them into the relatively new public-relations field only exhaustive historical research could determine. The Byoir executives undoubtedly were indiscreet in their use of office memos. . . .

I would say in general that the article is unduly pessimistic. Public relations in a broad professional sense, as distinguished from the infinitely more ancient fields of publicity and propaganda, is less than half a century old. Medicine, law, and engineering all had comparable ethical professional problems but were relatively much slower in meeting them. It wasn't so long ago that surgeons trafficked with murderers for cadavers; legal abuses were still widespread in New York into the present century. The Public Relations Society of America is moving at a much faster rate, and although its journal sometimes sounds more like a charivari than a serious professional organ, I am confident it will establish and maintain standards at least as good as the other professions within a few years.

I think one explanation of the anxiety of the public-relations profession is a very sound one. Incomes and revenues in this field in a few years have become comparable to the best in the other three professions mentioned. No one wants to kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

HENRY PAYNTER
New York

To the Editor: . . . the article . . . is very enlightening and clearly shows the need for regulating public-relations men in the legislative field.

The lobbying tactics which are exposed need curtailment and control. The elected representatives of the people should be wary of organized positions on legislation and they should carefully examine the connections and alliances which have been made by so-called local organizations.

HERMAN TOLL
Pennsylvania House of Representatives
Harrisburg

To the Editor: As a member of the Pennsylvania House in 1951 and 1953 and as a radio and public-relations man, I was conscious of the bitter battle and some of the methods used, but found in the article revealing information that had never before come to my attention. It's unfortunate that such information does not reach the average reader, for it would certainly give him an insight as to some methods employed by P.R. groups and perhaps a better understanding of the terrific pressure that is placed upon legislators who are sometimes victims of those who engineer consent.

JOHN T. VAN SANT
Pennsylvania State Senate
Harrisburg

To the Editor: I am sure that the reader's interest is heightened in the light of the success the truckers had in killing the Eisenhower Highway Construction Bill in the last Congress. It would be worthwhile, I believe, to have a study made of the techniques and maneuvering used by the public-relations men of the truckers in the last Congress.

ABE SHEFFERMAN
Washington, D. C.

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1. TRUE

3. "When Mary Lincoln Was Adjudged Insane" — Lincoln's widow *never recovered* from the mental strain of the Civil War and the shock of her husband's assassination . . . was *finally committed to an asylum in 1875 by her son Robert.* By Lincoln expert Ruth Randall.

3. FALSE

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2. FALSE

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FOR YEARS conference after conference on disarmament has ended in what seemed an insurmountable deadlock. Now, in the last few months, new ideas and proposals are being advanced by the five nations on the U.N. Disarmament subcommittee. Both **Max Ascoli's** editorial and the article by **William R. Frye** focus on the shift in the attitude of the powers concerned.

Mr. Frye, U.N. correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* gives an informed account of the American delegation's proposals. Some of our Allies, particularly the British, have shown themselves more concerned with modest pilot plans for reciprocal control and reduction of conventional armaments than with the problem of atomic weapons. No matter how the roles are distributed in the Allied team, the contribution of the American delegation in attacking the problem of controlling nuclear weapons has been both highly imaginative and highly sensible.

Max Ascoli's editorial sees in our proposals, and in the possible Russian reaction to them, further evidence that what is called the spirit of Geneva is not exactly something to laugh about. What the U.S. government is doing is especially heartening after the President's speech before the American Bar Association in Philadelphia, which had led us to fear a tendency on one hand to go on repeating that there is no alternative to peace and, on the other, to advance only cloudy generalities as a substitute for force. Incidentally, the concluding sentence in Max Ascoli's editorial in our last issue was garbled as a result of one of those regrettable accidents which sometimes occur in the process of turning manuscript into print: The phrase "no alternative to war" obviously should read "no alternative to peace."

THAT FINLAND is a perfectly incredible nation is proved by the fact that it manages to remain free while under the very guns of the Russians. Now that trips to Moscow have become fashionable again, many returning travelers say something like this: "When you come out of Russia and reach Helsinki, freedom is something you can feel and touch." **J. H. Huizinga,** correspondent for the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant,* gives a firsthand account of a recent visit to Finland.

Our readers will not have forgotten Edward Corsi's articles on immigration. They will be interested to know how Canada, a nation so much like us and yet so different, shows its originality in handling this problem. **Robert Crichton's** article "How Canada Handled the Salk Vaccine" appeared in the July 14 issue of *The Reporter.*

There is nothing wrong about lobbies as the expression of economic groups. But when lobbies go in for aesthetics, as described by **George Orick,** an associate editor of *Architectural Forum,* they are going far afield.

David Halberstam's straight political reporting from Mississippi shows the decadence that has set in on what used to be called the Dixiecrat movement and how it affects the man whom the Dixiecrats had on their ticket for Vice-President in 1948. Mr. Halberstam, now on the staff of the West Point, Mississippi, *Daily Times Leader,* was managing editor of the *Harvard Crimson* last year.

Recently we discussed at some length the problems faced by New York, the metropolis; **Marya Mannes** now looks at what has been taking place in just two buildings in the great city.

Tambimuttu, poet, editor, and author of a forthcoming book of short stories, was born in Ceylon. He is editor of a new magazine, *Poetry London-New York.*

Bernard Berenson is remarkable for many things—his knowledge of art, the powerful pungency of his style, and above all his wisdom. **Judith Friedberg,** a free-lance writer, recently visited him in Italy.

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A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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When I was young I used to have a girl in Washington, D.C. Our paths diverged long ago, but because she was my first girl, I followed her career with more than casual (and even a little more than fraternal) interest.

She wanted to be a newspaperwoman, and she had just enough talent to be a fairly good one. Before she was out of college, she fell in love with a brilliant and erratic young reporter from one of the wire services. She seriously considered marrying him.

Whether she did or not, I won't say. But I will say that I was reminded of her when I read Herman Wouk's novel, "Marjorie Morningstar."

In his first novel since "The Caine Mutiny," Wouk has written about a New York girl who hopes for a career on the stage and who falls in love with a brilliant and erratic young songwriter.

Marjorie Morningstar is familiar to all of us. She visits my office regularly looking for a career in publishing. She stands behind the woman who makes a success in business; she is the faintly remembered ghost shut up in the memory book of many a suburban housewife. She is the talented girl who chooses between the excitement of a career and the security of home and a family, between a soaring passion and an earth-based marriage.

Herman Wouk has written a love story which is even more significant because the situation it deals with is so familiar.

I read it with unabated enthusiasm. I think you will do the same.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Marjorie Morningstar" ($4.95), by Herman Wouk, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. It is the September selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the suburban branches located in Manhasset, L. I.; Grosse Point, Michigan; Webster Groves, Missouri; Clayton, Missouri; and at 6315 York Rd., Baltimore, Maryland.

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From Utopia to Reality

IT HAS BECOME FASHIONABLE lately among political commentators anxious to give evidence of their detached, sophisticated realism to surround with quotation marks such expressions as "spirit of Geneva" or "disarmament." Admittedly the use of this typographical device is tempting when we have to deal with words reduced to near-meaningless catchalls. But how many are the words in the vocabulary of political writers that can go unchaperoned?

What makes this latest use of the anti-catchword device particularly galling is that there is something new and momentous taking place in the disarmament negotiations. Whether they know it or not, whether they like it or not, the men responsible for the conduct of diplomacy in the democratic and Communist worlds are moving away from unmanageable absolutes and turning in the direction of the specific, the conditioned, and the concrete. The search for cure-all solutions is being abandoned. The diplomats of the West have stopped looking for some kind of supranational authority to be entrusted with absolute control over the production and use of fissionable material. The diplomats of Soviet Russia, while still advocating the destruction and outlawing of atomic and nuclear weapons, have come to admit that this cannot take place unconditionally. In fact, the idea of the unconditional surrender of any part of a nation's sovereignty has been gently buried in the graveyard of the Second World War. And finally it is devoutly to be hoped that no one will ever propound that most terrifying of all fool's paradises—a foolproof system for maintaining peace.

This shift from the Utopian to the concrete, from shapeless generalities to reality, from the unconditional to the conditioned, has been going on in the minds of thinking and responsible men for quite some time. Yet there was an occasion when it became equally compelling for everybody concerned. That occasion was Geneva. Of course no treaty, no international covenant was signed there. So some people may even be right when they parade their hardboiled skepticism and say that nothing was accomplished. Perhaps that is true: nothing—except that at Geneva all the wild, disordered dreams of an unbreakable peace system, of inevitable revolutions destined to bring to power all over the world the rightists, the leftists, or the well-mannered middle-of-the-roaders—all these dreams were punctured. Some day the Russians will know it too. Geneva is the spot where the leaders of East and West abandoned their ideological clouds and touched earth.

The Inspectors Inspected

The work that is now proceeding in the spirit of Geneva may be called the institutionalization of the balance of terror. This means that the balance of terror, instead of being represented by sheer might on both sides, can become articulate and therefore manageable. The institutionalization requires a process of institution building across the barriers of national sovereignties and ideologies. No nation involved is supposed to give up the whole of its sovereignty or, for that matter, of its ideology. Each is supposed to check and inspect the other, to gain intelligence of what happens inside the other—at least in the field of armament.

This intelligence can be gained in a number of ways—legally and officially, according to what the institution of supranational inspection allows, or privately and illegally. For certainly there can be no absolute reliance on any system of inspection, no matter how thorough and detailed, unless it goes so far as to X-ray the intentions, the motivations in the minds of men. The essential thing is that conditions be created which render the release of a nation's power to annihilate another as hard as human beings can make it. According to the article by William R. Frye in this issue of *The Reporter*, this is the essence of the plan submitted by Harold Stassen to the U.N. Disarmament subcommittee. It is a plan that does credit to Mr. Stassen and to our government.

The American proposal includes the retention, at least for the foreseeable future, of nuclear weapons in the arsenal of the major nations, and the bringing into existence of an extraordinarily far-reaching and

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complex yet not Utopian system of inspection. This last feature, first announced by the President at Geneva when he advanced his proposal for reciprocal air inspection, has been called by many people, even in our own country, propaganda—a word that perhaps more than any other deserves to be sterilized by quotation marks.

Yet it is far from unthinkable that the Russians—in spite of the guffaws that greeted the Eisenhower plan when Bulganin reported on it to the Supreme Soviet—may come around to accepting something very close to the Stassen proposal. For they, like ourselves, have every possible reason to bring into being supranational institutions that might block the outbreak of total war. At the same time, these supranational institutions, to suit the Russians as well as ourselves, must presuppose the permanency of sovereign nations with no interference in each other's internal affairs.

But there is no denying that these supranational institutions, even while eschewing all absolutes and perfectionisms, will make deep inroads into national sovereignty. For if the Russians accept our plans, at least as a basis for discussions, and if they agree to something not too far removed from our government's proposals, then we, the champions of meticulous inspection, will be meticulously inspected. The advocates of burdensome but necessary controls will necessarily be the object of burdensome and necessary controls.

Only a cynic can impugn the good faith of our government, for it stands to reason that the Russians, as the President himself suggested, may merge their plans with ours. Still the prospect—which may be a fact in the very near future—of Russian inspectors in our midst is the best possible evidence of how far the spirit of Geneva has already brought us.

The Incurable Ambivalence

Scientific discoveries are the primary cause for these and many more changes in the policies of nations. To a certain extent, the statesmen's work consists in taking note of the scientists' data and acting accordingly. So, for instance, any suggestion that atomic stockpiles should be destroyed turns out to be utterly absurd now that we know how easily atomic weapons can be made from material used for the production of atomic power. The day may well come—and soon—when some minor or marginal nation possessing atoms-for-peace reactors could threaten world peace.

The ambivalence of science has made the techniques that can enrich life and those that can destroy it so closely related as to be nearly interchangeable. The latest discoveries of nuclear physics have sublimated the ambivalence of science to a point where man-made extinction of life from this planet is feasible—and a few new discoveries can make it even more feasible. Ours happens to be the first generation to which tools for total destruction have been entrusted by science—a condition that will plague man all throughout history and that may bring about the end of history.

This is why disarmament—and particularly the control of nuclear weapons—is such a serious business, the kind of business every generation has to settle and yet is destined to remain forever unfinished business. We cannot go after absolutes, we cannot dream of an international monopoly of nuclear weapons now that the production of these weapons is becoming constantly cheaper and easier. We cannot pursue the notion of a supranational army. And should such an army ever come into existence, what law would it enforce?

We had better work on this precarious balance of terror we have, and try to make it manageable. This we can do by seconding the ambivalence of science—by making the prospect of unleashed terror increasingly unrewarding, and by furthering to the utmost the life-giving opportunities that technology offers us. The connection between un-Utopian control of armaments and the development of science for the welfare of man is an extraordinarily close one, and our government has on more than one occasion taken the initiative on both sides.

This connection between control of nuclear warfare and new techniques designed to multiply the blessings of life is best evidenced by what atomic fission has already started achieving and nuclear fusion some day will achieve: the taming for creative purposes of an immense power which if released for purposes of destruction can obliterate life. The same irrevocable discoveries that produced the blast at Hiroshima have now opened a new era of still unfathomable abundance. All that governments can do is somehow to accelerate the process which turns every new and ever more terrifying sword into a plowshare.

Of one thing we can be sure, however: There never will be a condition of abundance that will automatically eliminate the threat of newer and newer ultimate weapons. The best government leaders can do is to be extremely vigilant and hardheaded. Perhaps, given our human condition, men need to have that threat always with them.

IT MAY NOT be entirely inappropriate here to say a kind word for the atomic scientists—these men sometimes crushed by the awareness of having incalculably energized the ambivalence of science and of human nature. For atomic power, no matter whether used for good or evil, has already proved that it cannot be made the captive of any ideology, and there is no doubt that it will bring enormous benefits to all men. The same cannot be said about many of the political forces that keep the world convulsed. Is there any Geneva conference in sight designed to make of nationalism a power for good?

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Mr. Stassen's 'Burglar Alarm'

WILLIAM R. FRYE

OUR GOVERNMENT has reached a new and realistic decision with respect to disarmament. It is this: Since neither the United States nor the Soviet Union intends to give up its stockpile of nuclear weapons in the foreseeable future, we should drop all hypocritical talk about doing so and concentrate instead on ways of avoiding the use of those weapons in warfare.

Why are we unwilling to destroy our stockpile? Because there is no way—literally no way—of making absolutely sure that a potential enemy will live up to his part of the bargain. This is true no matter how great the powers of the inspectors, no matter how free they might be to go anywhere and everywhere in a potential enemy's territory. It might be possible to prevent his building any new bombs in secret, but it would not be possible to make sure that he had not hidden some away in the past. The Soviets themselves acknowledge that this is so, and within their government must have drawn the obvious conclusion. But they refuse to admit it publicly; they are still talking about the "prohibition" of nuclear weapons.

UNCOVERING secret nuclear-bomb stockpiles may not always be impossible. Scientists have wrought miracles in the past, and will do so again. They may find some way to explore the depths of the earth, regardless of efforts at shielding atomic radiation. If they do, it might be feasible to talk of eliminating nuclear weapons as part of a U.N. disarmament treaty. But inspection must be based on the technical facilities we have right now, not on those we may have sometime in the future.

In the meantime, it does not necessarily follow that just because nations hold onto their nuclear weapons, those weapons must therefore be used. On the contrary, once it is accepted that both sides cannot avoid having them, it may become easier to set up barriers against their use. Such barriers could be made very far-reaching and effective; indeed, some think they could be made almost unbreakable. The United States has evolved a plan which it hopes and expects will do just that.

The American Plan

The reasoning goes like this: No government leader in his right mind would deliberately launch a nuclear attack that would leave an enemy capable of nuclear retaliation. An attacker must effect total destruction —or he leaves himself open to total destruction.

Recognizing this situation and in order to make nuclear warfare even more unlikely than it is, the United States would set up a comprehensive and efficient early-warning system. This "burglar-alarm" idea is the specific contribution of Presidential

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Assistant Harold E. Stassen and his office. It is the real explanation for President Eisenhower's aerial-reconnaissance proposal at Geneva—a proposal that would be an essential part, but by no means all or even necessarily the most important part, of a world-wide early-warning system.

The details of the Eisenhower-Stassen early-warning system have been presented to the United Nations Disarmament subcommittee but have not been published except in sketchy outline. This is what the system would include:

1. Aerial reconnaissance—to provide over-all guidance for ground inspectors; to discover new airfields, which can be built in a matter of days; to locate IBM (intercontinental ballistics missile) launching platforms; to keep track of the disposition of armed forces and equipment; to watch for the massing of troops; and to do a hundred other jobs that cannot be done as well from the ground, if at all.

2. Supervision of strategic air commands and of all other "weapons and delivery systems suitable for surprise attack." Soviet inspectors would look over the shoulder of Lieutenant General Curtis E. LeMay of the U.S. Strategic Air Command, and American officers would do the same for his counterpart in the Soviet Union. They would report to their own governments at regular intervals and any interruption in their reports would alert the potential victim.

3. Inspection of critical industrial plants—not merely those capable of producing arms or fissionable material of weapons grade, but also electric-power plants, aluminum and steel factories, machine-tool and electronics-equipment plants, and other such industrial weather vanes.

4. Surveillance of major military communications networks—not to read every message but to keep a check on the volume of traffic.

5. Budgetary checks. This method would be of limited value in the Soviet Union unless certain changes were made in the Kremlin's accounting system. But there would probably be ways of getting around this difficulty. If the Soviets ever got to the point where they were willing to throw open their books for the world to see, misclassification of items and falsification of figures would be comparatively inconsequential, hardly worth the risk of exposure.

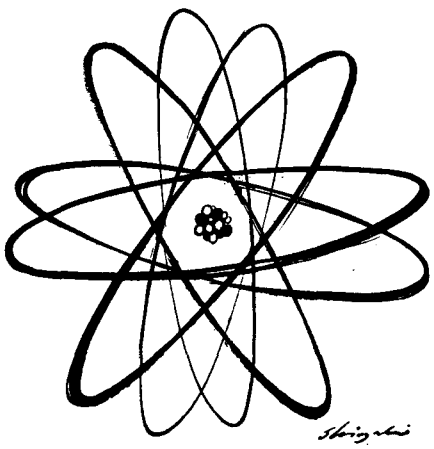
6. Stationing of "control posts" at important road, rail, sea, and air junctions to watch the flow of military traffic. This, of course, was originally a Soviet idea; the United States has accepted it, with the proviso that the control posts have a degree of freedom far beyond that of the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission in Korea.

AN EARLY-WARNING system embracing all or even most of these types of safeguards would almost certainly provide a prospective victim at least twenty-four hours' advance notice of a major attack, and twenty-four hours is enough to prepare a devastating counterblow. To eliminate surprise, the theory goes, is to eliminate nuclear war.

Aerial Reconnaissance

Much has been said about the most spectacular feature of this plan: aerial reconnaissance. The idea is by no means new; it was part of the Baruch plan in 1946, and has been an essential ingredient in every American disarmament plan since. President Eisenhower merely turned the spotlight on it, dramatized it, and derived immediate benefits from reawakened confidence in his leadership all over the world. It will be difficult for the Soviets to say either "Yes" or "No" to this plan without giving the United States a considerable advantage in the eyes of world opinion.

Aerial photography has become a very advanced science. Planes flying at a height of from thirty to sixty thousand feet can take detailed pictures of the earth's surface in almost any weather. If the planes were allowed to cruise at lower altitudes—say five to ten thousand feet—the amount of detail they could record would be immense. Almost nothing, however well camouflaged, would be likely to escape detection by the highly trained specialists who interpret such photographs. The Pentagon, the State Department, and Stassen's disarmament office all agree that aerial reconnaissance could uncover the dreaded IBM, perhaps not if there were only one launching platform, but certainly if there were a series of the type that would be necessary to launch a massive attack.



The principal limitation on aerial photography is in the numbers of personnel available to do the interpretation. The Soviet Union covers more than eight and one-half million square miles. To photograph it all would require tens of millions of pictures. The physical job of sorting out those requiring detailed scrutiny would be enormous. Then would come the scrutiny itself—thousands of pictures to be studied, analyzed, classified, co-ordinated. And of course more pictures would be constantly coming in; aerial reconnaissance would not be a one-shot affair.

Nor is photography the only method of exploring a potential enemy's territory from the air. Electronic devices, most of them top secret, can explore the whole distance from plane to horizon, and report on it with extraordinary clarity.

AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE would not be sufficient, however. It would be necessary to follow up on the ground. If the photographs turned up a suspicious-looking entrance to an underground installation, if they showed a concentration of missiles in a certain area, or if they showed suspicious troop movements, it would be necessary to go to the spot and find out what was going on. This is where roving ground inspectors—"control posts" if the Soviets want to call them that—would come in. They would need authority and freedom of movement. They would need their own channels of communication. They would need access to any suspected establishment or

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installation. With all this they could make aerial reconnaissance far more meaningful.

Even this combination of air and ground inspection would not compose a complete early-warning system. Those portions of a nation's striking force capable of delivering a massive attack would have to be put under twenty-four-hour surveillance.

This part of the Eisenhower-Stassen plan strikes out into previously uncharted territory. No one has ever before proposed that a nation's whole strategic air force be placed under outside scrutiny. It is an extraordinary concept—Soviet radar stations monitoring all our heavy bombers, and we theirs; Soviet inspectors knowing the flight plans, equipment, personnel, and mission of every medium-range bomber and fuel carrier, and we theirs; Soviet observers listening in on all communications among planes on training flights and between the planes and home base (and trying to decipher American slang), and we monitoring theirs.

There would be many difficult problems to be solved. Suppose there were a sudden unexplained interruption in the reports from one of the inspectors—or from two or three—out of several hundred. What should be done? It could be merely a temporary communications difficulty, but if the home government decided to do nothing, it might risk a surprise attack; on the other hand, if the home government decided to mobilize, that fact would immediately be reported, and a process might have started that no one could stop.

Another difficulty: All strategic air commands constantly stage training missions. How could a team of inspectors be sure they could tell the difference between a mass training flight and the real thing?

Again, suppose an aggressor state, waging a war of nerves, started a series of feints, or "spoofs" in Pentagon jargon. One after another would prove to be a false alarm. This process could be kept up for months or years; it could wear down men's alertness; and finally one day a supposed "spoof" might be the real thing.

A treaty establishing the early-warning system would have to be written very carefully and constantly revised so as to prevent all foreseeable violations.

THE REALLY big hurdle, of course, is to persuade the Soviet Union to accept such an idea in the first place. Any adequate early-warning system would obviously put a heavy —perhaps unbearable—strain on the Communist dictatorship. Acceptance of an alarm system would require far-reaching changes in the Soviet outlook on the rest of the world, an almost complete reversal of the policy of secrecy on which a police state is based. True, first tentative steps in the direction of broader contact with the outside world have already been taken, but nothing of the magnitude involved in the Eisenhower-Stassen plan.

There are other factors. An end to secrecy with respect to number, character, and location of armed forces, and to their equipment, supply channels, and supporting industrial complexes, would be of vastly greater benefit to the United States than it would be to the Soviet Union, for the simple reason that its intelligence data in this field are now far more complete than ours. An open country like the United States is inevitably at a disadvantage when it comes to intelligence. To declare both countries open would not be an equal swap as far as the Russians are concerned.

Moreover, the over-all objective—prevention of surprise attack—would, if achieved, be of most benefit to the country most likely to be the victim of such an attack. We know that that means us. The Russian leaders may have been convinced by their own falsehoods and earnestly believe that we have aggressive intentions. But the time for us to have launched a surprise attack with maximum effect—the period immediately following Stalin's death—has come and gone without any move on our part. Despite all their past protestations of alarm, it is hard to believe that the Soviet leaders really stand in terror of us. It is probable that they, too, know we would have the most to benefit from an early-warning system.

Mutual Mistrust

Some details of the American plan would be hard for the Soviets to swallow. We are proposing that "blueprints" of national military establishments be exchanged in progressive stages, the least secret information first and the most secret last. We feel that this step-by-step process is necessary to protect against duplicity, and we insist that the accuracy of information exchanged at each stage be carefully verified before passing to the next. The idea of disclosure and verification in progressive stages dates from the 1951 Assembly, when the United States, Britain, and France put it forward jointly. The Soviets called it a disguised form of espionage. They claimed that it was a

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trap, that we would get all the information we wanted in the early stages and would then refuse to go on to the later phases in which the Soviets stood to gain valuable intelligence data. In other words, the same mistrust that prompted us to insist on gradual stages prompted them to reject them, and it remains to be seen whether that basic mistrust has changed significantly in the intervening years.

Perhaps the most important reason, however, why the Eisenhower-Stassen early-warning system is not likely to be attractive to the Russians is that it is not a disarmament plan. It does not pretend to be; it is a plan for imposing the heaviest possible checks on the use of armaments, a means of increasing international confidence and building an atmosphere that will be conducive to later arms reduction. What gives meaning, after all, to any disarmament plan is the possibility of preventing war, not that of making all nations concerned defenseless.

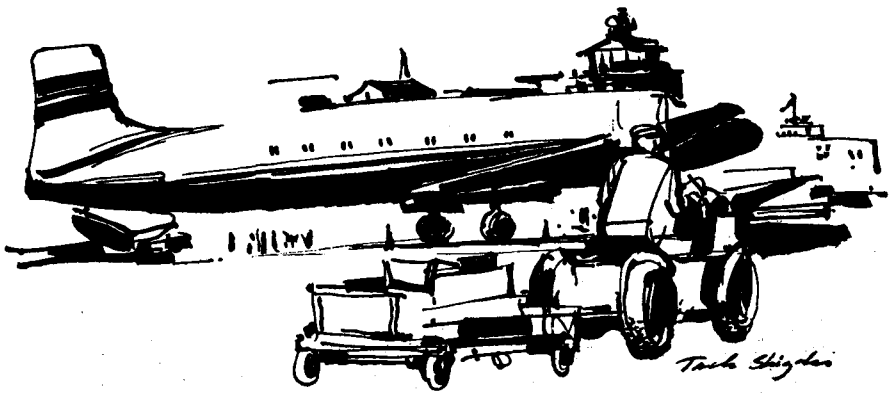
There is every evidence that the Soviet Union needs a letup in the arms race. This necessity is almost certainly one of the principal reasons for the current "thaw." The Soviets have been attempting to catch up and then keep pace with the United States in armaments with an industrial base perhaps one-third or one-quarter as large as ours. Relatively, it is as if we were spending something like $150 billion a year for arms instead of $40 to $50 billion. The load must be staggering. The evidences of strain are everywhere, most notably in the field of agriculture. Without waiting for an international agreement, the Kremlin has already demobilized a number of troops equal to those withdrawn from Austria and announced that it would cut its armed forces another 640,000 by December 15. The men are plainly needed down on the farm.

Thus the fact that the Eisenhower-Stassen plan does not promise any immediate letup in the arms race must be an important shortcoming in the eyes of the Russians. Foreseeing that this would be the case, Stassen and his aides were prepared to put at least some frosting on the cake in the form of a halt in tests of nuclear weapons and in their manufacture. But Stassen's office was overruled by the Pentagon and the National Security Council—partly because we think the Russians are fully capable of extracting concessions without our offering them on a silver platter, partly because it is national policy to drive a hard bargain in all matters arising out of the Geneva summit conference, in the belief that the Russians need settlements, and partly because a halt in bomb manufacture would strike at the British, who are just getting well started in this field.

Our Allies' Views

Our Allies in the U.N. Disarmament subcommittee—Britain, France, and Canada—are inclined to think we are trying to ride the Geneva spirit so fast and so far that nothing may be accomplished, except perhaps to scare the Russians back into their shells. British, French, and Canadian public opinion, the leaders feel, is not yet ready to put aside the effort to eliminate nuclear weapons, accept the present balance of power, and try to work out a means of preventing war. They would prefer to try to work out some disarmament plan, at least for conventional weapons, that the Soviets would accept; and they would leave open the possibility that later on nuclear weapons themselves could be tackled. In addition, the British have a pre-disarmament plan of their own. The Eden plan proposes that teams of inspectors should keep watch on "specified areas of agreed extent on either side" of the Iron Curtain in Europe. In this way, not only would a useful purpose be served in a local area, but experience would be gained for much broader application. If the Soviet Union is ready to extend the pilot plan to the whole of Europe, Eden has another proposal: that the limitations and control provisions of the Western European Union be extended, in effect, to include the Soviet satellites of eastern Europe. Either or both of these schemes could be started at once, without years of negotiation and bargaining maneuver.

Unlike the Eden and Eisenhower plans, which are pre-disarmament schemes, the plan suggested by French Premier Faure does provide for actual arms reductions, but they would be policed solely by budgetary checks.



THEY ARE able men, the representatives of our Allies on the U.N. Disarmament subcommittee, and their counsel carries weight. There is Anthony Nutting, a brilliant and engaging diplomat still in his thirties. There is Jules Moch, the Veteran French Socialist who is probably the world's most articulate and well-informed expert on the subject of disarmament. There is Paul Martin, the Canadian Minister of Health and Welfare whose activities in the U.N. and in Ottawa assure him a bright future north of the border. The Soviet representative is A. A. Sobolev, a mild-spoken, precise engineer with professorial glasses, to whom the smiles of the Geneva spirit seem to come more easily than to many of his Soviet colleagues. Sobolev used to smile occasionally even when it was not demanded by the party line. He is not considered an important policy-making official—certainly not on a level with Stassen and Nutting.

Mr. Stassen has made a favorable impression at the U.N., not only on the others around the table but also —perhaps more significantly—on the

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Americans who work for and with him. They consider him an able, incisive thinker, if somewhat unsmiling. In any case, they admired unstintingly the good grace with which he faded into the background on opening day and let Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., hold the center of the stage.

Our Allies' approach to the disarmament problem has been to start where the Russians are, and try to lead them gently but firmly in our direction. Perhaps it might be fair to say that they are willing to hold out the carrot and let the United States supply the goad.

The Russian Position

The Russians have come quite a distance in the last few months. In their plan of May 10, they accepted much of the Franco-British time schedule for disarmament and nuclear prohibition. They did not accept our ideas on control, but merely to accept the time schedule was something. The British and French, who devised the compromise time schedule, would now like to see whether the Russians can be persuaded to go along on control also. The British and French believe that if some of the Eisenhower-Stassen ideas on inspection and reporting could be grafted onto the agreed time schedule, we might come up with both an early-warning system and a program of arms reduction.

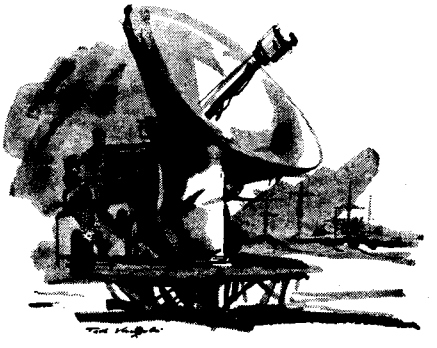
Interestingly enough, the Russians' May 10 plan professes to be, in part, an early-warning system. It starts from the same premise as the Eisenhower-Stassen plan, the impossibility of absolute safeguards against secret bomb manufacture and stockpiling. "There are possibilities beyond the reach of international control," it admits, "for circumventing this control and organizing the secret manufacture of atomic and hydrogen weapons, even if there is a formal agreement on international control.

"Under such a situation, the security of [a] state . . . cannot be guaranteed, in so far as the possibility would be open for the potential aggressor to stockpile atomic and hydrogen weapons for sudden atomic attack on peace-loving states."

Such attack, the Russians reason, would necessarily be accompanied by mass mobilization of conventional armed forces for occupation of the enemy's territory after the nuclear assault. The Kremlin therefore proposes that "control posts" be set up at important junctions to watch for such mobilization. In the atmosphere of confidence created by this protection against sudden attack, the Russians say, it would be possible to proceed by stages to total nuclear disarmament.

The first aspect of the Soviet plan —what might be called its early-warning aspect—is not in basic conflict with the Eisenhower-Stassen approach. It would, of course, be necessary to enlarge the meaning of the words "control posts" to cover surveillance of strategic air forces, naval task forces, guided-missile launching areas, and, in the American phrase, all other "weapons and delivery systems suitable for surprise attack." It would be highly desirable, probably essential, to include aerial reconnaissance. There would have to be reporting as well as inspection. With these qualifications, the two systems could be grafted together. This, no doubt, was what President Eisenhower had in mind in his press conference of August 4, when he said he had told the Russians at Geneva that "If they trusted that kind of an inspection system, it was all right with us; we would adopt both."

THE SOVIET PLAN is more than an early-warning system, however. It is also a disarmament plan. This is where the difficulty arises, at least for the United States. Despite the Kremlin's admitted recognition of the impossibility of absolute safeguards, it continues to talk about total destruction of stockpiles at the end of a specific period of time—by December 31, 1957.



The Russians suggest the following series of steps or stages: First, a prohibition of the use of nuclear weapons except when the U.N. Security Council, where the Soviets have a veto, is willing to permit their use. Next, a freeze on armed forces and armaments. Then cuts in armed forces and conventional weapons by fifty per cent of whatever amounts are agreed upon; and when that is complete, a ban on the further manufacture of nuclear weapons. Next a further twenty-five per cent cut in conventional arms, followed by total prohibition and a start in the destruction of nuclear weapons. And finally, the last twenty-five per cent cut in conventional arms, ending simultaneously with destruction of the last nuclear bomb. The process would start on January 1, 1956. Having started, it would continue automatically to the end, finishing no later than two years after that date.

BY WAY of control, the Soviets are not very precise. The first stage of arms reduction, during which the first fifty per cent of agreed cuts would be made, would coincide with the "early-warning" phase. It would be policed only by budgetary checks and by the control posts. In effect, this is no policing at all. The control posts could help watch for mass mobilization, all right, but they could not make certain that armed forces and armaments really were being reduced. To do that, it would be necessary to go into army camps, naval bases, airfields, and other installations, and actually count the number of men and weapons before and after. This would be a formidable job, involving a close accounting of every rifle, every grenade, every round of ammunition, and every can of Spam in a quartermaster warehouse. But this is the kind of thing that must be done if there is to be an internationally controlled arms-reduction treaty. And the Russians are talking in those terms.

It would be necessary to agree in advance on how far existing armed forces and conventional armaments would be reduced. The Soviets have accepted "tentative suggestions" on manpower put forward by the western powers in 1952 (and revised in 1955)—namely, 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 men under arms for the United

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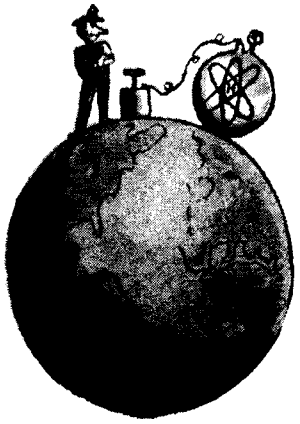
States, the Soviet Union, and Communist China, and 650,000 each for Britain and France. But the Russians also specify 150,000 to 200,000 for



any other nation—which would not be enough for West Germany and might not be enough even for Japan and Italy.

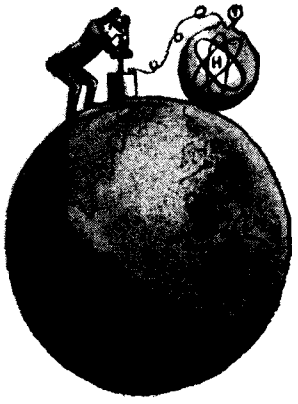
Furthermore, figures themselves don't mean much; an armored division of fifteen thousand men with tactical atomic weapons, operating from West German bases, would be far more powerful than the same number of men in an infantry division with conventional arms based in northern England. The job of deciding how many units shall have what kinds of weapons—that is, of balancing off the relative firepower of the two sides—could take years. This is the kind of thing that stumped the League of Nations.

As if the field of conventional armaments were not difficult enough, the Russians would lead us, in the later stages of their scheme, into the infinitely more complex area of nuclear weapons. To some extent the Russians recognize the increased difficulty; they would grant broader powers to the control organ in this stage. But how much broader is not clear. There are brave phrases in their May 10 plan: "control . . . on the scale necessary to ensure . . . implementation," and "inspectors who, within the bounds of the control functions they exercise, would have unhindered access at any time to all objects of control." But what is the scale the Russians consider "necessary"? What are the "control functions" the inspectors exercise? Would they include aerial reconnaissance, for example? What are "objects of control"? All these questions have been asked of Sobelov. No satisfactory answer has been given so far.

The Soviet plan would put a stop to nuclear-weapons tests "as one of the first measures." It would dismantle all overseas bases, some in the early stages, all by the end of the last stage. And there is also a provision that would forbid the United States to use its tactical atomic weapons, in Europe for example, if the Communists attacked with conventional weapons.

The most serious objection of all to the Russians' May 10 plan is what Moch calls "automatism." The plan does not provide for organs of control able to verify that each stage will be fully carried out before it begins. The deadlines would be as undeviating as the calendar, regardless of previous performances.

Of course it is not conceivable that any sensible western statesman would even consider the destruction of nuclear stockpiles until science



produces some new devices to make the detection of nuclear weapons unmistakable. There are no such tools available now, and the Russians know it as well as we do. They could prove their good faith by accepting the principle that each step in the reduction of armaments must be thoroughly verified. If they accept this position, they will in fact be agreeing with us that total nuclear disarmament is impossible at present.

What About China?

In all this planning, there is one great unknown factor—Communist China. After all, China is believed to have five million men under arms and was recently reported to be building its first nuclear reactor. The West is at a disadvantage in that there is not a man from Peking at the Disarmament subcommittee table. Would aerial reconnaissance mean much if Communist China were not included? Would it do any good to place the Soviet strategic air arm under surveillance if bases in Communist China went unguarded? Would we feel free to reduce our armed forces to 1,500,000 men—or any other figure—unless we knew that the Chinese Army was correspondingly reduced?

Both the Soviet Union and the West agree that Communist China would have to be a party to any major disarmament treaty. The United States, Great Britain, and France said as early as 1951 that all countries with "substantial" armed forces would have to be covered. The United States is planning to ask the U.N. General Assembly to endorse the idea of aerial reconnaissance and ground inspection on a world-wide scale.

There will surely be many new ideas advanced as disarmament negotiations proceed. If the other major powers display the same capacity for imaginative but hardheaded thinking that characterizes the recent proposal of the Stassen group, it may turn out that the ultimate goals of the various negotiators are not reciprocally exclusive.

Because of the initiative our government has taken, it is now certain that the very least it can gain is an enhanced prestige throughout the rest of the world. At best it might turn out that we have built some effective roadblocks against nuclear annihilation.

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Finland: Freedom Under the Guns

J. H. HUIZINGA

On Russia's northwest frontier, free and inviolate, lives defenseless Finland, at the mercy of a huge neighbor that even has a military base on Finnish territory. Finland was a part of the Czarist empire from 1809 to 1917, and during the last ten years the Russians could easily have reintegrated it as they did the three Baltic nations of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, but they have not lifted a finger to reestablish their sway. Led by a former Czarist general, Marshal Carl Gustav von Mannerheim, Finland joined in Hitler's attack on Russia in 1941, but alone among all Hitler's east European allies, it has escaped punishment. Its attachment to the western way of life must make it highly suspect in the eyes of the strategists in the Kremlin, but they seem content to leave it alone.

Finland's treatment of the Communists within its own borders, accounting for no less than twenty-one per cent of all those who voted in the 1954 elections, must constitute a grave provocation to Moscow; having first fought and destroyed the Reds in the sanguine civil war of 1918, Finland subsequently outlawed them in 1930 and —supreme defiance—when, fourteen years later, defeated by Russia, it was at last compelled to legalize the alien creed, it made short shrift of its apostles as soon as they were discovered plotting the overthrow of the government. But once again the Soviet Union failed to intervene. Its followers across the border remain "unliberated"; their "oppressors" continue to "exploit" them and generally to indulge in their wicked western ways just as freely as any of the peoples living under the protection of NATO.

In fact, except for a few Russian cars, there is hardly anything to be seen in the streets of Helsinki that even reminds one of the existence of the potential danger across the eastern border. The movies all show films from the West. The huge bookshops stock infinitely more material from the West than from the other side of the Iron Curtain. So it is too with the newsstands, while in the papers themselves Tass hardly seems to get a word in edgewise.

But what struck me most of all was the conspicuous absence of the Soviet emblem among the flag displays that added a pleasant touch of color to Helsinki's leafy Esplanade. Apparently the private citizens of this country are too independent to bother about protocol. When I asked for an explanation from the manager of the open-air restaurant, where the Scandinavian flags were flanked by those of the United States, Britain, and Germany, he made it quite clear that it was simply dislike of the Red flag, and all it stood for, that had made him leave it out.

The Porkkala Enclave

It is only when I left the modern capital and traveled west by rail that I felt the ominous presence of Russian power. After about twenty minutes the train stopped and there was a long delay while the Finnish locomotives were replaced by Russian engines staffed by Russians. Metal shutters were drawn down over every window and all the doors were locked. Thus equipped with its own portable iron curtain, the train was at last allowed to proceed on its journey across the Porkkala enclave, twenty miles long at this point and covering 150 square miles in all, which the Armistice Agreement of 1944 compelled the Finns to lease to Russia for a period of fifty years at a rental of five million Finnish marks (then $100,000) per annum. (An agreement has now been reached with the Russians about a relaxation of these security regulations but had not yet been put into practice at the time of my trip.)

No one knows, of course, what forces are stationed in this Russian base. But whether or not they number twenty thousand as some people believe, whether or not they are equipped with airfields as well as naval and artillery installations, it is clear that this base, whose guns cover the Finnish capital and to which Russia has unlimited right of access, nullifies Finland's effective neutrality and its capacity to defend it.

Moreover, in accordance with the Armistice Agreement the country's eastern frontier was redrawn in such a way as to "deal its strategic position a shattering blow and leave it at the mercy of an aggressor," as Marshal Mannerheim put it in his memoirs.

Finally, Finland's defense forces were forbidden to exceed 41,900 men for all three services. Its air force was limited to sixty planes, among which there may be no bombers. The army and the navy, which may have no submarines, were also deprived of many categories of modern weapons. How much all this has reduced Finland's power of armed resistance is perhaps best measured by the decline in the proportion of total government expenditures that goes into defense. In 1938 the figure was twenty-three per cent, in 1939 thirty per cent; today it is six per cent.

Thus Finland's situation is difficult to reconcile with what have come to be accepted as the facts of life in the cold war. It is a military and diplomatic vacuum that remains unfilled. Of course, one could maintain that the paradox of the fierce bear lying down peacefully with the lamb is more apparent than real. For though Finland is isolated in the sense that is "liberation," unlike that of Iran for instance, would

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hardly constitute a *casus belli* for the West, this does not mean that there are no deterrents to Russian action at all. If Finland were to disappear behind the Iron Curtain, Sweden might be frightened out of its neutral corner and into the arms of NATO. That, the Finns say, is why Moscow has stayed its hand. Hence their fervent hope that Sweden will stick to its neutrality. To which some Finns in highly responsible positions add that they would be happier still if Norway and Denmark were to follow Sweden's example. These hardheaded Northerners, who are anything but wishful-thinking appeasers and who should know their Russians better than most, seem to feel that the cause of peace would gain rather than lose by such a defection from NATO.

A Coup That Never Came

But the theory that ascribes Russia's good-neighbor policy toward Finland to the fear of losing heavily armed Sweden to the West can at best form only a partial explanation. It fails to account for the strange events just before the creation of NATO. At that time everything seemed to indicate that Finland's hour had struck. It had been preceded by a series of ominously familiar developments. At the demand of the victors, eight of the nation's leading statesmen, among whom ex-President Ryti and the Grand Old Man of the Social Democratic Party, Vaino Tanner, had been tried as war criminals and sentenced to five years in prison. The Finnish Communists and their stooges were then the second largest party, with a quarter of the seats in Parliament. The government had fallen into the hands of fellow-travelling Mauno Pekkala, whose Minister of the Interior, Yyo Leino, was a full-fledged Communist and son-in-law of the Red Quisling of 1939-1940, Otto Kuusinen.

In 1947 these apparent internal preparations for the "liberation," of which most of Russia's other western neighbors had already become victims, were followed by two measures designed to weaken the country's external position. It was induced to keep out of the Marshall Plan, and some six months later, hard upon the Communist seizure of

power in Prague, it was invited into the Soviet parlor to hear Stalin's proposal for an "Agreement for Friendship, Co-operation and Mutual Assistance," whereby Finland was to consult with Russia in the event of threatened aggression and to accept Russian help to repel such aggression.

THERE SEEMED to be no mistaking for whom the Moscow bells were tolling. Yet the Agreement proved to be not the beginning of the end but the beginning of a new epoch of Finnish independence. No sooner had it been ratified than the Finnish Parliament turned upon its Communist Minister of the Interior, who had been trying to infiltrate the police with his friends, and threw him out of office. Two months later, general elections were held and a new Government was formed, all of whose members, with the exception only of the Liberal Foreign Secretary, belonged to the party for which Moscow always reserved its greatest venom—the Social Democrats. And once having got rid of the Communists, who had come out on top everywhere else in eastern Europe, the Social Democrats and their allies have been careful to keep them in the wilderness ever since.

Thus while Kuusinen lords it over the Karelo-Finnish Soviet Republic, which was partly created out of Finnish territory, his daughter Herta, who leads the Finnish Communist Party, has been languishing in opposition. Moscow has done nothing effective to rescue her or to revenge itself upon the defiant Finns for the coup-in-reverse they brought off in the summer of 1948. It has fumed a bit, at first, and in the winter of 1949-1950 the Finnish delegates who had come to Moscow to negotiate the renewal of a badly needed trade agreement were kept cooling their heels for several increasingly anxious months. But that was all.

The Good Neighbor

As a typical example of this good-neighbor policy, the Finns cite Moscow's conduct in regard to a sector of the Finnish economy, accounting for twenty-five per cent of the country's industrial production, which is largely dependent for its prosperity on Russian good will. It is the metal, shipbuilding, and engineering industries, which together employ some eighty-five thousand men and whose very considerable expansion since before the war (when the figure was only thirty-five thousand) was dictated by Russia's demand that Finland's reparation payments should take the form of ships, machines, cables, and other metal products. Once these payments had been completed in 1952, the industry was faced with the problem of finding a commercial market for its export potential. If the old customer, Russia, who had been getting its products free, was unwilling to go on taking them on a reasonable commercial basis, the situation would become awkward indeed, since Finnish prices were generally too high for the West. Thus Moscow was presented with an excellent opportunity for milking or, alternatively, pressurizing the Finns. Instead, it concluded a five-year agreement, recently renewed, in which it undertook to absorb 95 per cent of Finland's export of ships, 93 per cent of its machine exports, 77 per cent of its cable exports, and so on, in return for which it supplies

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its neighbor—at normal, that is to say competitive, prices—with 93 per cent of its liquid fuel imports, 97 per cent of its sugar imports, 71 per cent of its coal imports, 63 per cent of its cereal imports, and 53 per cent of its cotton imports. And though the package deal obliges the Finns to take a number of Russian automobiles that do not offer competitive value, as well as the raw materials that constitute 80 per cent of Russia's exports to Finland, they are far from discontented with the deal as a whole. Economically as well as politically, they seem to be getting along quite nicely with the Soviets.

Again, therefore, one returns to the question of what makes the Russians treat their defenseless but defiantly western-minded neighbor and former enemy with such singular forbearance. Part of the answer doubtless lies in Moscow's desire to avoid repercussions in Sweden. But there must be other reasons. One of them might be that the "liberation" of Finland would hardly be worth the bother it would entail. Militarily, strategically, and diplomatically the Russians would have little to gain by it. In these respects they already have the Finns pretty well where they want them; having dismantled their defense lines, disarmed their forces, and established a base within artillery range of Helsinki, they have obtained considerably more than they ever thought necessary for their own security back in 1939. Moreover, in the Agreement of 1948 they made Finland promise not to join any coalitions directed against Russia and instead to accept Russian help in denying their territory to such coalitions.

Hearts That Rebel

Under these circumstances, the "liberation" of Finland would have to be undertaken for its rewards in the Marxist heaven rather than for any considerable material benefits here on earth, an enterprise that probably has little attraction for the men in the Kremlin just now. Doubtless the Finns could be subdued. But I have equally little doubt that the job could not be done without a great deal of trouble. Defeated, deserted, disillusioned, dismantled, and disarmed the Finns may be. But demoralized they are not. Their will to

freedom, their spirit of independence, and their vigilance in the cause of both are as strong as ever. They show their mettle in many different ways. Despite the crippling restrictions on their defense forces, the Finns have maintained conscription and train their entire manpower in the practice and—more important—the spirit of handling arms. Thus the Prime Minister, Dr. Urho Kekkonen, is constantly accused by his countrymen of being too accommodating to the Russians, not on any very specific grounds but, as he explained it to me himself, "because my countrymen's hearts—like my own for that matter—still regularly rebel against the dictates of reason which tell us that we have no choice but to try and get along with the Russians." Thus, finally, Moscow's pet aversion, the octogenarian Vaino Tanner who was jailed as a war criminal in 1946, was recently proposed by just under half of the membership of the Social Democratic Party as their candidate for the Presidential elections that are to take place early next year.

To sum up in Marshal Mannerheim's words, "Finland has not had its freedom dropped in its lap." At least in part it has earned its unique position as the only free country on Russia's western border. First of all by the valor of its soldiers, who in the summer of 1944 held their ground against an enemy who had massed hundreds of guns for every mile of the front line and threw in a thousand combat planes. It was thanks to these men, of whom eighty-five thousand fell and whose surviving comrades I saw marching—or rather hobbling, for many of them had lost a frostbitten leg or foot—on Remembrance Day, that Finland alone among all Russia's eastern European enemies was spared unconditional surrender and the sort of occupation that went with it.

But nothing would have kept this freedom inviolate in peace if the Finns had not shown themselves possessed of three other qualities besides courage: level-headedness, statesmanship, and solidarity. It was level-headedness that enabled the sorely tried Finns to resist both the temptations of defeatism and of desperate defiance in the bitter and seemingly hopeless years after the war when they had to see the leaders of their national struggle jailed as war criminals and those whom they looked upon as traitors to the national cause raised to power. It was statesmanship of a high order that enabled them subsequently to avoid one of the coups which had succeeded everywhere else in eastern Europe. And finally it was solidarity, national unity grown out of the country's development between the two world wars into a modern welfare state and the consequent conversion of the once revolutionary Social Democrats into loyal patriots, that enabled the different political groups, merchants, industrial workers, and farmers to present a common front against those of their own countrymen who were ready to give up Finland's freedom.

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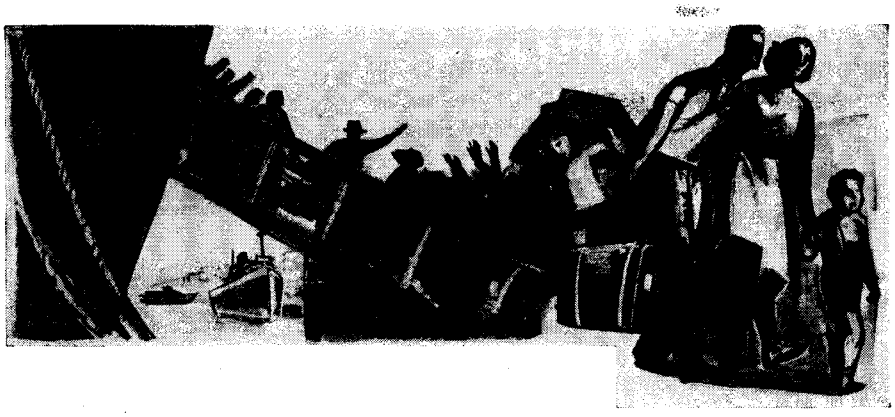

How Canada Welcomes Immigrants

ROBERT CRICHTON

In 1947, the late William Lyon Mackenzie King, Canada's Prime Minister, laid down an immigration policy that will affect his nation for centuries to come: ". . . to foster the growth of the population . . . by the encouragement of immigration. The Government will seek by legislation, regulation and vigorous administration, to ensure the careful selection and permanent settlement of such numbers of immigrants as can advantageously be absorbed in our national economy. . . . The Government's long term programme is based on the conviction that Canada needs population. . . . The objective of the Government is to secure what new population we can absorb . . . With regard to the selection of immigrants . . . There will, I am sure, be general agreement with the view that the people of Canada do not wish, as a result of mass immigration, to make a fundamental alteration in the character of our population. . . ."

Indeed Canada does need people. Although it is larger than the United States territorially, its population is less than a tenth of our own, and in 1953 Canada's gross national product was about one-fifteenth of ours.

The Immigration Act of 1953, which currently governs the conditions under which Canada's Department of Citizenship and Immigration operates, follows King's principles. Its immigration service—called the Immigration Branch—is allowed by law an extraordinary degree of discretion and flexibility. King and the Liberal Party that he headed convinced the Canadian Parliament that it would be foolish to establish any rigid, set quotas for immigration. In result, the Branch can admit 85,000 immigrants one year and 211,000 the next (as was the case in 1951 and 1952), or admit 13,600 Poles in 1952 and cut the number back to 3,500 in 1953. The law also gives the agency the ability to move swiftly in case of disasters, such as the recent devastating floods in Holland. In that situation, Canada picked up some highly skilled Netherlanders who otherwise might never have dreamed of leaving Holland.

The Settlement Division

Under the law it is the responsibility of the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration, a post of Cabinet rank currently held by J. W. Pickersgill, a Liberal Member from Newfoundland, to evaluate the nation's immediate absorptive capacity.

In making estimates of how many people Canada should absorb, Pickersgill is guided by a group called the Departmental Advisory Committee on Immigration. This panel is made up of the Immigration Branch Deputy Minister, people from other interested government agencies, and the chiefs of the Branch's five divisions—Administration, Inspection, Admissions, Operations, and Settlement. By all odds the most important to the Minister in his estimate is Settlement.

Settlement's first job is to help immigrants through their first years. Settlement officers keep in contact with newcomers in their areas, seeing that they get any government benefits due them and helping them get suitable jobs. They also serve as an advisory service and will do such things as counsel an immigrant on buying a secondhand car, taking out a loan, or putting money down for a farm. In general they act as a counselor does for the new camper in his first summer. This service is virtually unknown in most countries, where the policy is that immigrants, once dumped at the pier, are their own worry—or their sponsors'.

This phase of Settlement's work has been effective. More than 700,000 immigrants have settled in Canada in the five years past, but only 106 were deported as public charges during that time. Of the 144 deported for criminal reasons, more than half were natives of the United Kingdom and the United States.

There are thirty-seven Settlement offices. In the farm regions of the West and in the back-of-beyond country of the North, the offices have from three to eight agents. In the more populated and industrialized areas such as southern Ontario, however, some offices have as many as thirty staffers. An alert agent soon absorbs an intimate knowledge of the economic structure of his area. The information he gathers on such things as jobs is sent into Division headquarters each fortnight, and from there it goes to Ottawa for final evaluation by the Minister's Advisory Committee. On the basis of this immediate and continuing information, the Committee advises the Minister to cut back or expand the flow of immigration.

Part of the agent's job is to encourage new opportunities for immigrants already in his area as well as for immigrants yet to arrive. An imaginative agent does this by keeping in touch with every organization, industry, or individual who might want a pair of skilled hands. An agent might learn of the death of

(Continued on page 26)

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a shoe repairman and cobbler in a small community. If there is no native Canadian ready to pick up the dead man's trade, the agent will call upon the local mayor or a businessmen's group and ask whether an immigrant cobbler is needed. If the town is amenable, the agent will scan his files for a suitable candidate. If he finds one, the agent will ask him whether he would be interested in going into business. If the man is working on a farm or in a small factory—as is often the case—he may well be agreeable to the idea and the agent will arrange for him to see the shop and its equipment. If the immigrant doesn't have the money to buy the business, a meeting between the local business group and prospective purchaser will be arranged and the agent, through townsfolk, will attempt to arrange a loan on generous terms. Although no figures have been prepared on this, the Immigration Branch estimates that over ninety-nine per cent of loans of this kind have been paid back.

With the placement of the cobbler the agent now has another job that has become vacant. It can be filled by an immigrant already in Canada or provide an opening for someone still abroad.

Overseas Operations

When there is a demand for special skills that Canada cannot provide, the word goes out to the twenty Canadian overseas immigration offices in Continental Europe, Asia, and the British Isles. Almost all these offices have a heavy backlog of applicants. The majority come from what Immigration staffers call Group II — unsponsored aliens who must qualify for admission on the basis of their trade or occupation.

Group I consists of British subjects from the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, and citizens of Ireland, the United States, and France. These people are admitted freely if they are in good health, and have enough money to keep them out of the breadlines until they can find work. Group I is also made up of close relatives of Canadian citizens who are sponsored by their families. While Group I has priority, at today's rate of about 165,000 immigrants a year the majority are drawn from Group II. In a recent year, more than 50,000 came in freely from the "favored nations," but 27,000 came in from Italy, 34,000 from Germany, 20,000 from Holland, and 3,400 Poles from refugee camps.

One of the touchiest Canadian problems—at least in so far as it tends to negate the humanitarian aspects of the immigration program—is the fact that natives of certain members of the British Commonwealth of Nations—India and the British West Indies—do not enjoy free entry. The official stand is simply to quote Prime Minister King's dictum that Canada does not wish to "make a fundamental alteration in the character of our population."

Of course it has been said that bringing in 250,000 Germans, Austrians, and Dutch *is* changing national character. Official explanation denies any form of discrimination. It is said, for instance, of the West Indian quota that Canada would be delighted to receive all the West Indians who wanted to come just as soon as a favorable climate for assimilation was established. On a less lofty plane, it is also said that Canada is simply too cold for tropical people. The fact is that at the present rate of West Indian native immigration (about a hundred a year) there never will be a "favorable climate for assimilation." Another fact is that Canada, though couching its aims in language designedly acceptable to itself and the

rest of the world, is simply determined never to undergo the type of experience that New York City, with its influx of Puerto Ricans, is undergoing.

A commonly held belief in the United States (one that rankles in Canada) is that the Canadian immigration program is mainly designed to provide the nation with a steady stream of tough, raw peasant labor to develop the bush country. A breakdown of immigrants' occupations, however, shows an extraordinarily high number of skilled workers, technicians, and professional people. Canada will take all the schoolteachers, policemen, engineers, nurses, boilermakers, metalworkers, electricians, fine woodworkers, masons, surgeons, and hard-rock miners it can entice. Although paper companies are endlessly putting on pressure for more help, Immigration last year admitted only some four hundred lumbermen and workers in wood pulp, paper, and paper products. On the other hand, Canada admitted 454 barbers, hairdressers, and manicurists.

The general laborers Canada does admit (11,900 last year) are asked to spend at least nine months working on farms. This has been called a "bond-servant" scheme. There is no denying that the government hopes most of these people will decide to stay on farms instead of following the general exodus to the cities and industry. There are no exact figures on the number of immigrants who, after spending nine months getting acclimated on the farms, go to the big cities, but it is probably very high. One reason for the recent heavy increase in Dutch immigration is a belief that the Dutch have some sort of innate love for the soil and will want to stay on it. Whether the Hollanders' love for their little locked-in green acres (many of them now lost to the sea) will continue to flourish when transplanted to Canada's primitive soil remains to be seen.

Those new Canadians who go directly to some of the enormous construction and development projects, such as the Burnt Creek iron-ore deposits or the giant Kittimat aluminum project in British Columbia, generally do so because of the chance to make money quickly. Wages are Canadian union scale, which means double pay for working on Sundays. At overseas offices all applicants are fully warned of the hardships they face before they come over. After a year in the bush many immigrants have been able to put enough aside to come back to civilization and start

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their own businesses, buy their own homes, or purchase their own farms. Many of these pioneers did not even have passage money when they left Europe. Through an Assisted Passage Loan Scheme, begun in 1951, almost thirty thousand immigrants have borrowed transportation money from the Canadian government. They are given two years to pay it back, and of the $4,156,000 advanced, $3,900,000 has already been returned.

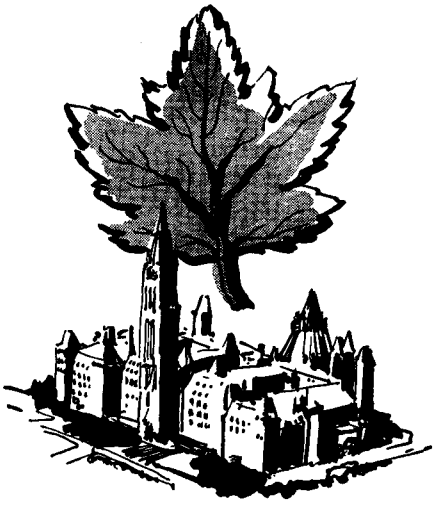
A Ship Arrives

One aspect of Canadian immigration cannot be measured in statistics. It is Canada's unique way of handling incoming people. With an area larger than that of the United States and an estimated population under sixteen million, the nation *wants* people. It is no more than natural that Canadian Immigration authorities are happy to see newcomers and deal with them. An admissions official who finds it hard to be friendly has not much of a career.

Not long ago I watched the arrival of six hundred immigrants, most of them Dutch. They came on an old Dutch transport, the *Groote Beer*, and were to land at the Magalloway Road port of entry a few miles outside Quebec City.

It was a warm summer day, and the ship was many hours late because of headwinds and heavy seas en route. The few people who had come down to see the ship dock earlier in the day, the way people in small towns used to go down to the depot to watch the express train go through, had long since departed. Besides a few Immigration officials, the only people on the dock were the galley boys and black gang of an Irish tramp steamer. They had just finished a rough-and-tumble tussle of Irish-brand soccer in a little field near the pier and were lolling along the water's edge drinking ale and eying the incoming *Groote Beer* and its passengers with the professional indifference of all merchant seamen.

The newcomers had lined the ship's railings, eager for a close look at the new land, and were waving with shy enthusiasm at the huge, clean shed and the few people. As the ship tied up, its lounge was converted into a processing center. Fourteen tables were set up, each one with an Immigration officer and a volunteer member of the ship's crew who knew English and Dutch. Five minutes after the gangplank was laid, and before the luggage hold was opened, the first immigrants were filing up the spiral stairway leading into the lounge.



At the door the man of the family gave his name and was almost instantly handed a card. Then he and those with him filed past a medical officer who checked for signs of communicable disease. The men seemed to be thin-faced, even somewhat pinched, and one could trace ridges of bone through the backs of their suit coats. The women looked like milkmaids who had come out of an old Dutch print. They stood rooted to the wood of the lounge floor as if someone had planted them there, solid and immovable, holding clusters of white-faced, blond-thatched children.

After passing the medical check, the families were led to one of the fourteen tables where the Immigration officers often rose for the women, occasionally shook hands with the men, and patted the children. The paperwork that followed was merely a precaution. A thorough processing of papers and medical checks had been completed long before at the overseas offices to avoid the mess of detaining people at a Canadian version of Ellis Island or of sending them back. Security screening of immigrants is carried out overseas. A one-page questionnaire followed up by a personal interview usually suffices. It is felt that an experienced investigator can at least sense a possible source of trouble or subversion. In this case there is a full-scale check on character and previous associations.

AT THE END of the short interview, each immigrant was given a colored tag which was tied to his clothing. Then he was directed down the gangplank into a great shed where his family's luggage was arranged for inspection. The inspection was quick and cordial, and during this phase women volunteers from a local citizens' welcoming committee dispensed milk and coffee, and—eternal staff of the modern nomad's life—doughnuts.

Outside the shed was a Canadian National Railways sleeping-car train. The destination of the immigrants had been radioed from Europe the previous week and now, working by the colored tickets, C.N.R. trainmen (who act as semi-official immigration officials once the train is under way) put them in the proper part of the train.

'Here Ve Go!'

Within three hours from the time the boat had landed, the train was loaded and ready to leave on its trip into Canada. I had not noticed that the *Groote Beer* had already slipped her moorings and was now floating out in the St. Lawrence, preparing to take her great slow turn before pointing her prow back toward the Atlantic. The people pushed against the windows to catch and hold the last piece of Europe they might ever know. Many waved, and a few Dutch sailors waved back. The turn was made, and as the ship began to fade from sight downstream, there was a moment of quiet on the train. Then the ship, a piece of Holland and home, slid behind the steep green-and-gray cliffs that surround Quebec. Haltingly, the train began to move.

"Here ve go!" a man shouted. There was a cheer all down the train. When the train passed the soccer field, the Irishmen were playing again. From the train someone shouted, "Hello, hello, good luck, good luck." The men stopped playing and an older one shouted, "God help all of ya'. He'd better. You'll need it."

Canada had six hundred more people.

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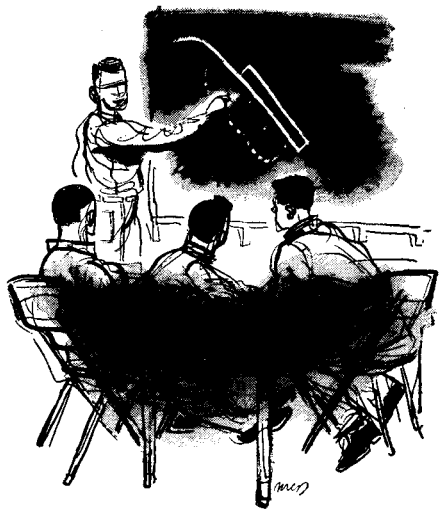
Off They Went Into the Wild Blue

GEORGE ORICK



THE CONTROVERSY that flared up recently over the proposed design for the Air Force Academy to be built at Colorado Springs took the House Military Appropriations subcommittee a long way from fiscal matters into the misty field of architectural aesthetics. But the subcommittee met the challenge with vigor.

For example, once the legislators had been informed that glass and metal were un-American building materials and that stone, brick, and marble were practically in a class with Mom's apple pie as symbols of sturdy Americanism, their course was simple: They refused to vote the Air Force $79 million to get the glass-and-metal Academy started. The following week both Senate and House Military Appropriations subcommittees restored enough of the money to let the work get started, but only after the Secretary of the Air Force and the architects, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, had promised that there would be less glass and plenty of good, solid American masonry.

Aesthetics . . .

Controversy over the Academy's design raged—and continue to rage—on many levels, both high and low. On the highest level there is serious disagreement between the partisans of two schools of architecture, the eclectic and the contemporary. Defenders of the "traditional American style" denounced the design presented by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill as an inappropriate application of the "international style" to a national monument. Their opponents argued that the design had become as traditional as the airplane and pointed with pride to other buildings designed by the firm, including Lever House and the Fifth Avenue Branch of the Manufacturers Trust Company, both in New York.

Frank Lloyd Wright, perhaps the world's most famous architect, saw the battle as one of individual vs. factory-produced design. He saw the proposed plan as a flagrant violation of his own principles that a building should be appropriate to its setting and should make full use of traditional American craftsmanship. Wright, who has never subscribed to the etiquette most architects observe of refraining from comment on the work of their colleagues and who has never joined the American Institute of Architects ("I want to retain my amateur standing"), rushed to Washington and let fly with some of his famous vituperative comment. In this battle Wright found himself rather incongruously aligned with the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The V.F.W. saw the battle as one of tradition vs. radicalism. Their national commander, Merton B. Tice, protested in letters to the President, to Congress, and to the Air Force that the design for the Academy was

an "insult to our American heritage and traditions."

After it was all over, Wright discovered that had it not been for the American Legion, he himself might have been commissioned to design the project. To confuse matters further, Wright, about whose Americanism the Legion seemed to have some doubts, favored American masonry over un-American glass.

AMONG the 340-odd architectural firms that competed for the commission a year ago was a loose affiliation of architects and engineers who called themselves Kitty Hawk Associates. Kitty Hawk was put together by Richard Hawley Cutting, whose firm in Cleveland had been designing a big share of the Air Force's bases recently. Cutting induced Wright to forget his antipathy toward affiliation with other architects and to head the group and be its master designer. "I didn't join them," Wright insisted. "They joined me."

Actually Wright did not know the complete story of who had joined whom a year ago—and on what terms—until last month when he read a detailed account in *Architectural Forum*. Cutting discovered that the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion—which takes care of such matters as flag etiquette, a "positive youth program," and the Legion "back to God" movement, as well as the nation's security—was preparing to clobber Wright in its publication, *The Firing Line*. The Commission, headed by a former FBI agent named Lee Pennington, had assembled Wright's "record." To professional patriots at least, Wright was disqualified.

Cutting flew to Washington and discussed the matter with the Legion. The price for Legion silence was Wright's withdrawal from Kitty Hawk. Accordingly, a suggestion was made to Wright that he go to Washington to sell himself to the Air Force. "The world knows what I can do in architecture," Wright declared in a disdainful telegram to Cutting. "If officials of the Air Force have missed this, I can do no more than feel sorry for what both have lost. I will not volunteer to plead my case." The eighty-six-year-old architect, who

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had long dreamed of capping his career by designing a great national monument, withdrew from Kitty Hawk. Skidmore, Owings & Merrill got the commission.

. . . and Economics

All of the aesthetic indignation about glass and steel might have come to nothing if the various howls of protest had not been orchestrated by a very skillful Washington pressure group whose motives were purely economic. Behind the scenes was the Allied Masonry Council, a new organization that represents just about everybody who has a stake in masonry construction — labor, contractors, and producers of brick, stone, and tile. The proposed design for the Academy, which followed the trend toward glass-and-metal panel construction, alarmed the Council.

In June Representative John E. Fogarty (D., Rhode Island) asked the House subcommittee to take a long look at the Academy design before appropriating money for it. (Prior to Fogarty's election in 1940 he was president of Rhode Island Local 1 of the Bricklayers, Masons & Plasterers International Union, a member of the Masonry Council.)

It has been established that Fogarty was frequently in touch with Robert R. Denny, an ex-newspaperman who is public-relations director for Henry J. Kaufmann & Associates, a Washington advertising agency, among whose accounts is the Allied Masonry Council. It was Denny-Fogarty teamwork that resulted in the committee's invitation to Wright to give his views about the project. The great builder was summoned to do a wrecking job.

Against the misgivings of his family, the great architect flew to Washington and lambasted the Academy's design. The Legion, sensing that Wright might be considered for the job again, set forth Wright's "record" to Senator James Eastland (D., Mississippi), Chairman of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, and Representative Francis E. Walter (D., Pennsylvania), Chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

As the dispute wore on, producers of marble found it hard to tell where their sympathies should lie.

The most controversial feature of the design was an immense marble chapel, on which the Air Force and its architects allowed much of the criticism to be centered. When the storm reached its height, just before the Congressional hearings, the Air Force announced that the chapel design had been killed—and much of the excitement died with it. But the marble producers stuck with the Masonry Council. "Anyway, we've got the men's rooms," said a spokesman for the Marble Institute of America.

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill kept their composure. They did not answer Wright and the other critics, nor did they and the Air Force offer any defense of the design. Wright thought he knew why. "They'll patch and patch and patch," he predicted. "They'll do anything to keep the job."

And patch they did. A few days later, after Wright and the masonry advocates had been heard by the Senate Armed Forces Appropriations subcommittee, Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott—not yet under fire for his extracurricular business activities—showed up with architect Nathaniel Owings to tell the Senate about their plan. At one point in his presentation Owings unwrapped some drawings he had brought with him. The buildings looked about the same in shape, but all glass walls had been replaced by masonry. "The design, which has evolved since the drawings you saw before," Owings said of one building, "permits us to have a building which is substantially without glass." The Senators seemed pleased. Later, the chief designer of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, Gordon Bunshaft, insisted that the change did not represent capitulation to special interests but was just one step in the normal development of a design for a big project.

The next day Talbott took his architects and their charts and sketches into a closed session of the House subcommittee, which also appeared to be mollified. Forty million dollars of the requested funds—about one-third of the total—was restored so that construction could at least begin while Congress was adjourned.

Denny refuses to take full credit for the outcome of the skirmish. "The times were with us," he has said. "There was a tremendous groundswell of grass-roots opinion." With some wonder in his voice, he added, "Why, the V.F.W. came in all by themselves."

The Masonry Council still has its eye on the project and offered to provide engineering and technical services so that the Academy will have a "firm and well-engineered design." Knowing by now where the power lay, it sent its offer not to the Air Force or to the architects but to members of the Senate Appropriations Committee.

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The Mississippi Primaries: Delay and 'Cousin Plemon'

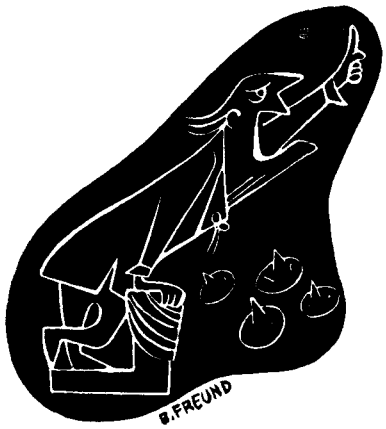
DAVID HALBERSTAM

UNTIL the surprise victory of Attorney General J. P. Coleman in Mississippi's runoff Democratic gubernatorial primary on August 23, it had become axiomatic that a man could not become Governor of the state on his first try; at least one warm-up was required. Thus Coleman's opponent in the runoff, Paul B. Johnson, Jr., ran his third consecutive campaign with the frank slogan "It's Paul's Time." But the forty-one-year-old Coleman, making his first race, defeated Johnson handily by nearly forty-seven thousand votes.

Racial segregation was the key issue of the campaign, but it was a strange issue in the usual sense of the word. For not one of the five original candidates for Governor disagreed on the principle of separate schools. One hot evening at Canton all five pledged from the same rostrum to preserve the state's school system in its present form. The differences arose only over the methods to be used. Coleman's method—a comparatively moderate program of legal delaying action rather than a knock-down, drag-out fight—was the one the voters preferred.

OF THE FIVE candidates who entered the first primary, two were given no chance of reaching the runoff. One was Mrs. Mary D. Cain, editor of a weekly newspaper who ran on an anti-welfare, anti-tax platform; the other was J. P. Coleman. The other three candidates were Johnson; a prosperous lawyer named Ross Barnett; and former Governor Fielding L. Wright, who seemed to have a good chance of going back to the executive office after four years' absence (in Mississippi the Governor cannot succeed himself).

Conceded nothing but a chance to publicize his name for 1959, Coleman ran a vigorous primary campaign, concentrating on only one issue—the importance of segregation and his own qualifications for handling it. Again and again he hammered away at his legal preparation. The political advertising that preceded him wherever he went was not like his opponents', which talked in general terms about leadership and experience. Coleman listed his achievements: the successful handling of the case of Willie McGee—a Negro convicted three times of raping a white woman—before the Supreme Court, which turned down three separate appeals and thus ensured McGee's electrocution; his action that prevented mixed baseball teams from playing in the state; and his handling of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People's attempt in 1951 to force integration in the state's colleges—"Those people are so confused they have not even been able to file a lawsuit and it is four years later."



In the middle of the campaign Coleman was able to offer the voters a graphic illustration of the type of protection he had in mind. In late July the N.A.A.C.P. handed the Vicksburg school board the first of what was to be a series of petitions demanding integration in the city schools. Attorney General Coleman moved fast: "I took time out from my campaigning to drive all night to Vicksburg, stopping only long enough to change my clothes. When I arrived I checked through and found some legal mistakes the N.A.A.C.P. made, showed the Vicksburg school board, and they promptly handed back the petitions. I guess we made that the shortest integration case in Southern history."

'That's Just Theatrical'

Coleman, an able, fast-thinking, and persuasive speaker, has just the slightest touch of the persecuted young man in him. Both times I heard him speak before the first primary, he referred to what he termed his "bad looks." "But I wouldn't be in this race if it were a beauty contest," said the six-foot-five, 245-pound Governor-elect, who is actually quite personable in a wholesome meat-and-potatoes way. He also delighted in asking crowds where his opponents were "when I was up in Washington arguing for our state in the Willie McGee case and all the Communists came down from New York to jeer. When I walked through them, the hatred was so thick you could cut it with a knife." He never failed to refer to his early days "down in Choctaw County when I was raised between the handles of a plow and I went off to college with a bag of sweet potatoes over my shoulder and $3.60 in my pocket."

Coleman was surely at the top of his form when I heard him in the windup of his first primary race speaking to a huge audience in West Point. The evening was deadly hot, but three busloads of neighbors had come up from his home town of Ackerman to hear him. The first performers were the Blackwood Brothers Quartet, a popular group of which two members are Coleman's cousins. After rendering a few religious songs such as "Have You Talked With the Man Upstairs?" James Blackwood told how he planned to vote for "Cousin Plemon," and pleaded with the audience to likewise. It obviously hit the Bible Belt Baptists right where they lived.

THEN COLEMAN took over, literally warming to his task. Discarded jacket preceded loosened tie, followed by opened collar. Three handkerchiefs got soaked through, and several glasses of water were gulped down. You could feel him gaining momentum as he talked.

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First he ridiculed Wright's contention that the use of police power was the answer to the segregation issue, and Wright's pledge that a bayonet would have to be rammed through his body before he would submit to racial integration.

"That's just theatrical," said Coleman, flanked by the Blackwoods. "The bayonet stage will never come to pass with Coleman as your Governor. There are ways to keep the schools open without using bayonets. Police power is a weak straw that has been broken by more than five hundred decisions of the United States Supreme Court since 1883.

"Look," he added. "We can't whip the whole United States, but we know we can use the Gore Law as an answer for the next twenty-five years." The Gore Law, passed by the Mississippi Legislature in 1954, enables local school boards "without reference to color" to assign children to a particular school for any of several reasons – health, intelligence, previous educational preparation, or any other allegedly pertinent factor.

Afterwards, in an interview, Coleman told me that he planned to fight the Supreme Court's decision on Constitutional grounds for the next two or three years "as a timesaver" and then come back and use the Gore Law. "The point is," he said, "that any legislature can pass an act faster than the Supreme Court can erase it. You won't be licked then as long as you don't want to be and keep fighting."

The Law's Delay

This was the program that won the Governorship for J. P. Coleman. This was the one issue on which he stood out from his opposition. Certainly Mississippi's Negroes understood this. In Mound Bayou, an all-Negro town and the only place the Negro vote can be studied, the results were slight but indicative. It was a small precinct and Mary Cain led with forty-one votes in the first primary. Three others had between twenty-nine and fifteen votes. Coleman got just four Negro votes.

None of these votes were counted, of course. This was Mississippi and this was a state primary, involving no Federal candidates. The chairman of the state Democratic executive committee, T. J. (Thomas Jefferson) Tubb, instructed his election managers to challenge any Negro voters. "We don't intend to have any Negroes voting in this primary, but we also intend to have it carried out in an orderly, sensible manner. We don't intend to have any incidents. The Negroes are better off this way than trying to vote out there in the county and being taken out behind the barn and given a whipping the way some of those county boys plan to do." The U.S. Attorney General is now investigating charges that Negroes were kept from voting.

IT IS ONLY against a background such as this that Coleman's victory can really be understood. The only voice speaking for integration in Mississippi is that of N.A.A.C.P. On one hand the liberals, such as Pulitzer Prize winner Hodding Carter, ask for caution, careful study, the gradual approach; on the other hand the groups known as Citizens Committees have acquired new power and prestige because of the N.A.A.C.P.'s integration petitions. Either from fear that the Negro's progress of the last decade may be wiped out by a premature step or from the rather more widespread fear that the Negro may suddenly be given full educational equality, almost all white Mississippians oppose integration at the present time.

Thus a situation like that at Hoxie, Arkansas, where the school

board has started work toward integration, would surely bring violence and bloodshed in Mississippi. In this tense situation, where few want violence and fewer still want desegregation, Coleman's legalistic approach had tremendous appeal.

Perhaps even more surprising than Coleman's victory in the runoff was the poor showing made by Wright in the first primary. Right up until the balloting on August 2, Mississippians had only one question about the results of the first primary—who would oppose Fielding Wright in the runoff. In 1945, the last time Wright ran for Governor, he got a remarkable majority in the first primary out of a field of five.

Yet Wright was nowhere in 1955, barely edging out Barnett for a poor third. The more one studies Wright's defeat, the more it appears the ultra-conservative states' rights segment of the Democratic Party is losing its position of dominance in Mississippi. This is not to underrate the strength of feeling for local autonomy or to predict the growth of a new liberalism in the South, and it doesn't mean that many of the 1948 smolderings have been entirely extinguished. But it does seem to indicate that Mississippi—and other parts of the South as well—are in a mood to put aside certain differences, at least once every four years, and return to their traditional position inside the Democratic fold. With the exception of individuals like Governor Allan Shivers of Texas, Southerners have come to feel that they gained nothing from starting a third party in 1948 and little more by leaning toward Eisenhower in 1952. (Wright, the Vice-Presidential candidate on the 1948 States Rights ticket, took no stand at all in 1952, an obvious rebuff to the Democratic nominee. Coleman, a former Democratic National Committeeman, worked actively for the Stevenson forces.)

THE WRIGHT VOTE was basically the same as that which allowed Eisenhower to cut deeply into Mississippi's one-party system even though he failed to carry the state. The Delta counties that went for Eisenhower in 1952 gave Wright his best returns in the first primary of 1955. And the counties that went heavily for Stevenson in 1952 went heavily for Coleman in 1955, giving Wright a bad fourth.

Coleman's election is almost certainly part of a general trend back to the old Southern politician who argues and grumbles within the party, but who manages to find his place on the Democratic ballot at election time.

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Children In Trouble

MARYA MANNES

IN THE SLUMS of East 12th Street, Manhattan, and at Hunt's Point in the Bronx, New York City, are two houses of detention. The first is dingy and dilapidated and full of boys; the second is bright and fresh and full of girls. Their functions are identical: to hold in custody juveniles under seventeen brought in by the police or remanded by the courts until they can be sent to institutions appropriate to their cases and sentences or back to their homes. Both are known as Youth House.

The period these children are held is a matter of weeks, and represents ostensibly only the transition between court and correction; a halfway stop on the long, disturbing road between the commission of an offense and the rehabilitation or abandonment of the youngster involved. As far as the solution of the delinquency problem is concerned, it might be called a drop in the bucket.

And yet this drop, magnified, is a cosmos of human revelation. The Youth Houses receive these delinquents at their moment of deepest vulnerability. The law has caught them; some have been before the court; they are shocked, frightened, raw, bewildered, in misery. What happens to them at this moment will affect their whole lives. It is here, first of all, that they will believe that the world is for them or against them. On this belief their whole future may hang. It is in this knowledge that the staffs of the Youth Houses approach their transient charges. Their mandate is to regard these delinquents as human beings; to refrain from punitive acts or reactions; to give these children in their care for three or four weeks the feeling that there is some good in the world.

If this sounds simple in concept, it is far from simple in practice. It demands a training, a patience, a compassion, and a control with which few people are equipped, a quality of love few people permit themselves to bestow. The delinquents are not made whole and good in a month or less, but anyone who sees the Youth Houses in action is aware of at least one miracle: the sight of several hundred young malefactors from seven through sixteen, guilty of offenses from homicide to arson, from prostitution to rape, beginning to learn the futility of violence through the example of kindness.

None of their custodians are armed. If the boys or girls wished, they could overpower them and break out at any time. Those who are already sentenced have nothing to lose by further crime. Yet they do not resort to violence because violence has not been done to them.

The Directors

The director of Youth House for Boys, John W. Poe, and the director of Youth House for Girls, Robert L.

Cooper, are both Negroes—slender, soft-spoken, quietly assured. I asked Arthur W. Popper, the president of the board of directors of both institutions, whether this choice was deliberate, either in that their contact with the varied racial backgrounds of the delinquents was closer or that the necessary understanding and humility for such jobs were more inherent in their race. "No," he told me. "We just got the best men we could find."

Poe and Cooper both have had long training and distinguished records in social work in several American cities; both are acutely aware of their problems and obligations; both are excited by the gradual vindication of their beliefs, which confirm and continue the belief of the man most responsible for the existence of Youth House, Frank J. Cohen, executive director from 1944 to 1953, now director of student activities at one of New York University's graduate schools.

In a report three years ago Cohen wrote: "There is perhaps no single phase of the Youth House Program that has come in for more questioning than that related to its permissive atmosphere. From the early days the question was raised as to whether or not the Youth House Program could survive without some form of punishment for infraction of rules or for misconduct of various sorts. The implied assumption was that unless we established some form of punishment with a firm ruling hand, the youngsters would destroy us. . . . We have, however, demonstrated that understanding and reason are stronger forces than punishment and its negative effects."

House on 12th Street

To the ordinary observer, a first visit to Youth House for Boys is not without apprehension, augmented by the physical approaches and the building itself. Around it, the pavements are littered, the people poor, the hallways dirty. There is no sign on Youth House; it is an old, blank, dark-red building, chalk-scrawled at its base, the steps used as seats by the neighbors. There is a dingy reception hall, a glass-walled office, and then a locked door. It is the first of many floors of doors that are locked behind whoever enters.

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Outside the director's office one flight up, a line of boys filed past and into a room which their supervisor unlocked and then locked. Here were the headline kids in person: the hoodlums, the animals, the sadists, the killers. Seeing them this first time gave me a stab of revulsion tinged with fear.

"We have an awful plant," said Poe. "It was never meant for a detention house; we just took it over eleven years ago from a foundation that supported a teen-age club center. We have 175 boys here, on five floors. The rooms are small and dark; everything is cramped and difficult. But we have a wonderful staff and we think we're getting somewhere. When we get our new building . . ." He showed the plans for a boys' Youth House about to be built in the Bronx. "We've been begging for this for ten years," he said. "You can get money for almost anything else—roads, office buildings, factories. But when it comes to the children—"

Public School 611

He took me then to Meyer Maren, the principal of P.S. 611, a school geared to these delinquents under detention and working closely with the staff. "He'll show you the classrooms and then we'll meet for lunch —with the boys."

Maren, a man with a seamed, tolerant, rugged face, took out his bunch of keys and started to take me around. "We have terrible quarters," he said, "but we try to give these boys something while they're here in the way of education. A lot of them are retarded, you know—seventh, eighth grade and can't read or write. A lot of them are truants. We try to find out what their actual level is regardless of grade and start from there." We went into a small dark room where about eight big boys were looking at a color cartoon being projected on a tiny screen by the teacher. The reflected light showed their sprawled positions, but it also showed the intentness of their gaze. The picture was about Marco Polo and the teacher spoke the commentary.

We closed the door on them. Maren said: "Those boys probably never heard of Marco Polo. But now when this reel is over they'll ask what happened next and the teacher will say, 'You can find it out in this book,' and they'll start to read it. Happens all the time. Thing is to get them interested—then they'll want more."

In another classroom a group of younger boys were reading silently. The seats, as in all the rooms, were informally placed. ("We try to get

away from the rigidity of the schoolroom.") One child had brought his book to the teacher for help and they were reading together. The atmosphere was relaxed and the blackboard jungle seemed remote. These boys were not scholars and their books may have been primitive for their years, but they were quiet without coercion. They could easily have ganged up on the teacher but there would have been little point. He bore no hostility, exerted no pressure.

In another room about twelve teenagers were doing paintings and handicrafts. A big colored boy was making table mats, and I remarked on their originality. "Show how they work," said Maren. The boy took one up and explained how it could stretch both ways and make different patterns. I said they were neat and he said thanks. For all I knew he may have assaulted a cop or held up a liquor store, but I had stopped thinking about crimes and begun thinking about boys.

There were mathematics classes and a carpentry class in which the boys were sawing shapes out of plywood for subsequent painting. They huddled alertly around the teacher as he explained how the motor saw worked. "Hand me that piece, Martelli," he told one curly-haired boy, and Martelli got it.

BEFORE Maren unlocked the door to a fifth room he said, "This is where the very disturbed children are taught. We try to keep them separate as much as possible." Inside were about six boys of various ages and races, reading or looking at picture books. One big youth could have passed for a twenty-year-old, although his face was childish and clouded. The teacher, a woman, turned to a little Puerto Rican boy and said, "Johnny, will you take this message to Room 8, please?"

He nodded and took a slip of paper from her. Maren unlocked the door to let the boy and ourselves out and then asked him, "Like to be a messenger, Johnny?" The kid nodded and smiled and then ran downstairs. "Two weeks ago," said the principal, "that boy was a jittering wreck. We couldn't get a word or a smile out of him when he first came here. He couldn't sit still one minute in class, he was disruptively restless. Then we hit on the idea of making him run errands for us instead of trying to sit still. You just saw him, didn't you? He feels important now."

It was the old business, always. Status. Being somebody. Most of these kids felt they were nobody. They did the things they did to be somebody. "We've got to give them a sense of worth as human beings. We can't accomplish much, of course, in a few weeks," said Maren, "but we can plant a seed."

He spoke then of the teachers at P.S. 611. "They're a remarkable lot," he said, "and it's a very tough job. When we first started in Youth House, I asked the Board of Education for the best teachers they had and they sent me the best disciplinarians. That isn't what we wanted, and I got rid of them all in short order. Now anybody who teaches

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here must have had five years' training in underprivileged schools and remedial reading. He's got to care about these children. He knows he can't lift a hand to them, regardless of provocation—or temptation. They get a bonus, of course, for this kind of work. But they get other rewards, too."

Recreation and Food

Recreation quarters at Youth House consist of a swimming pool in the basement, much prized by the boys, and a small roof, wholly inadequate for more than a handful at a time. "We feel terrible about the boys," said one of the case workers, "being cooped up for weeks on end without sun or air, but what can we do? There just isn't any room."

In the cafeteria at lunch the boys come in groups of fifty at a time, according to age. They help themselves at the counter and sit at tables for four. This day there was the usual noise of many boys eating and talking and only one small disturbance. A little boy of ten or so was objecting strenuously to the fact that his accustomed seat had been usurped. One of the women supervisors came over and calmed him down. "It isn't yours, Manuel, you know. They all change around here."

After the boys had used their knives they put them in the center of the table and a supervisor came in and gathered them up in lots of four. This was the only overt precaution I saw. "Some of our visitors here," said Poe smiling, "get a little nervous."

I was too absorbed in looking at these adolescents in their blue jeans and T shirts to fear them now. A few, certainly, had regressive or sly or sullen faces. But for the most part they had the long, defenseless necks, the bony shoulders, the loose hands and feet of all unfinished and uncertain males. They were surely typical in their enjoyment of the food, which was surprisingly good.

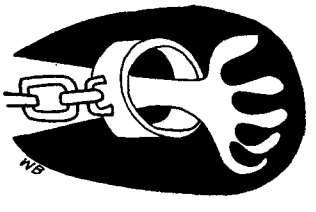
"A lot of these kids never ate so well before. They just never have been fed regularly, and when they do eat it's hot dogs or soda pop or candy or beer—nothing really substantial or nourishing. Most of them never saw a green vegetable."

When each group was through, they cleared and wiped their tables. Those who had volunteered for kitchen duty (a prized job since it assured second helpings) stayed to wash up. The cooks and women helpers were stout, motherly souls who treated the boys with warmth and humor but wouldn't stand for any nonsense.

After lunch I was taken to see the dormitories on the top floor. These were several wings of cubicles, each with a cot, a dilapidated dresser with a towel over it, and a chair: bleak, yes—but assuring privacy, a luxury few of these boys had ever known. Each group has its small recreation room, where they can play cards, listen to radio, or look at TV after the day's work is done.

The Boys' Council

Because of the winding passages on these floors, supervision is extremely difficult, and there are danger spots the staff must keep constantly in mind during the night: corners and corridors where the boys could hide and plot, and even assemble for mischief. Inevitably, tensions build up among these precariously balanced boys, and one way the people at Youth House prevent such tensions from reaching the surface is through the Boys' Council. Each group elects its own representative—very often the same boys who would be gang leaders—and each week the representatives meet the director and air their gripes. "It also serves," wrote Cohen, "as a safety valve for the pent-up feelings of the boys. However well the program of Youth House may be



organized in behalf of the boys, there are ever-recurring situations which displease them and tend to activate their hostility. . . .

"In reality," he went on, "the program of the institution is no better than the rating which the boys give to it, and there are times when the score is not very high. In the main, however, truly giving the boys a chance to participate and to discuss the rules which affect their conduct has a strengthening effect upon their morale."

Another safety valve against explosions is the daily accessibility of case workers, to whom any boy can talk and confide any afternoon after school, with the assurance (so largely denied them in their own homes) of understanding and guidance.

Seminar on Willie

The guidance works two ways. Once a week, Youth House has a seminar of the entire staff in which the case of a single boy is examined at length. Each member of the staff who has had contact with the boy—housekeeper, nurse, recreation director, teacher—makes a report on him. Then the psychologist of the treatment service assembles his findings from tests and interviews, and finally the psychiatrist delivers his opinion of the case. The meeting I went to concerned a boy of ten, identified as Willie, who had committed a long series of thefts under the tutelage of an elder brother since found to be psychotic. Willie had never known his father; his mother had a series of men living with her and was herself diagnosed as emotionally disturbed; Willie was on the streets most of the time. The only atypical fact about Willie, who was apparently highly articulate and full of fantasy, was his answer to the question "What will you do when you grow up?" "I'm going to go straight," said Willie simply. "I'm going to be a confidence man."

The conclusion arrived at after discussion was that Willie was young and intelligent enough to be retrievable but that he needed treatment and that going home would probably work permanent harm.

"This is the heartbreaking part of the business," said the supervisor of the treatment service. "We know what should be done with these boys, but we know it usually can't be done. Who is to pay for Willie's treatment? Who is to see that he gets it? Where is he to stay while he has it? All the available institutions, state and private, are so overcrowded that we have a backlog of boys here with no place to go as it is, except into the street. That is probably where Willie will end up. And we are powerless so long as there is neither the vision nor the money

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nor the climate to make it possible to salvage these kids. We can only do so much while they are with us here. After that—"

SHE WENT ON to say that in the eleven years she had been at Youth House there had been a steady rise not only in the number of delinquents remanded but also in the severity of their disturbance. "The nature of their crimes is much worse now, much more violent. The reasons? Everybody thinks he knows them and they're all different, but one thing is sure: The home, the family, is usually the root of it."

Yet no matter how little their mothers may have done for them, the tie between their son and mother was the one strong emotional factor. "The boys all asked for money to buy cards for Mother's Day," Poe had said. "They sent a delegation to me." "Most of the things they make here," said Maren, "are for their mothers."

Haven in the Bronx

Mr. Cooper at Youth House for Girls had a different story. "You will find," he said, "that most of the girls here have been rejected by their mothers. It is almost unknown for a mother to reject a son for any crime he has done, including murder. But if a girl has been involved in a sex misdemeanor, often through no fault of her own, the mother turns her out."

He spoke in a large bright administration office with tall windows framing a garden of grass and trees. The walls were freshly painted, the furniture and equipment new. "We only moved here two years ago," said Cooper, "after appalling quarters on Welfare Island. Nearby was a T.B. sanitarium for men, a number of whom tried to seduce our girls."

But now they are cloistered on a height, nearly a hundred delinquent girls. If their surroundings are different, so is their behavior. These adolescent girls, mostly thirteen to sixteen, are much fresher, much more overt than the boys. When you enter their classrooms or even peek through the glass window in the door, some will smirk or stick out their tongues; others will brazenly stare you up and down; some will flounce provocatively, others will glance at you obliquely through tangled hair with a mixture of distrust and hostility.

The racial mixture is similar to that of the boys: Puerto Ricans and Negroes predominate. The girls' offenses range from the traditional ones of their sex—petty larceny and sexual misdemeanors – to the new ones of physical assault and

gang involvement. "They seem to be trying to be tougher than the boys now," said one of the staff, "and certainly their language is just as abysmally obscene. It's all they hear around them anyway."

A few are pregnant, but strangely enough very few have venereal disease. It appears that New York has handled this phase of health service admirably and the girls know where to go for treatment and cure. The city has not done so well in the dental field. Boys and girls alike suffer from shockingly poor teeth because of malnutrition and lack of accessible clinics and treatment.

They have classes at Youth House for Girls too, and again these delinquents, a third of whom are truants, are noticeably retarded in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Here at Hunt's Point the emphasis is more on domestic skills like sewing and cooking, and the girls' favorite haunts are the extremely modern kitchen and the large room equipped with washing machines and hairdressing basins and driers. It is obvious to their guardians that these girls never have had the chance to perform such duties in decent surroundings and that the performance gives them deep satisfaction.

"If you asked us what these girls really want out of life," said Cooper, "I wouldn't say it was glamour or Cadillacs or penthouses but just a chance to live decently. A lot of them have been on the streets since they were eleven or twelve – too crowded or neglected at home, sex rivalry between mother and daughter (we're always hearing about the mother's lover making passes at the daughter, and that means 'Out' for the kid), and so on. So the girls get boy friends who shack them up for a time and then leave them, and there they are—prostitutes without even being paid for it. To their parents – their mothers particularly – this is the unforgivable crime, the unpardonable disgrace. They don't want to help the kids or have anything to do with them after that."

Every week the girls have a social evening, with dancing to records, and the staff said some of their dancing was marvelous, full of grace and fire. A girl who has a birthday while she is at Youth House is given a party, with cake and candles and little presents made by the others. "Time and again," said Cooper, "the girl who has the birthday has tears streaming down her face. Most of them never had a celebration before."

AS COULD BE EXPECTED, the girl delinquents are far more volatile and aggressive than the boys, given to moods and hysteria. The fact that there are no single rooms at their house and that as many as fifteen girls share a dormitory provides one of the gravest staff problems. "One girl," said the director, "will start yelling or screaming in the night and before you know it the whole room is in an uproar. The thing's contagious. Ideally, each girl should have a place to be alone. They never are, here."

Where the boys gravitate naturally to a leadership system, maintaining loyalty to the one they elect as their superior (or the one who has exerted superiority upon them), the girls are essentially individuals, with no such loyalty. One girl, by reason of force of character or greater intelligence, may influence the others but she cannot ever count on their support. Discipline is therefore far harder to apply, and the Youth House for Girls has gone through some harrowing moments.

'The Girls Hurt Themselves'

"After we break down their fear and suspicion," said Cooper "—and they all come here with both, expecting to be kicked around as they always have been—we can begin do-

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ing something. Most of their bravado and hostility is anxiety. They're frightened to death."

As he was speaking, the girls were clearing the tables after lunch in the cafeteria. One very small girl—she looked no more than nine but was in fact thirteen—wiped our table with great thoroughness. She had a small, sensitive Latin face framed in heavy straight dark hair. Two front teeth were missing.

"Do you think you'll be on the Council, Rita?" asked a staff member. The girl broke into a shy smile and bobbed her head, her hair swinging along her cheeks.

"Oh yes, oh yes, I will," she said, finishing her work and joining the line of her group.

"What has she been convicted of?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the staff member. "I make a point of not knowing. If I did it might prevent me from treating these girls as human beings."

Comparatively few of the girls are psychotic. Those who are severely disturbed, to the detriment of the group, are sent to Bellevue Hospital for observation, as are the boy psychotics. Although the girl delinquents are more outwardly brazen than the boys, there is evidence that their consciences are more developed. "The boys hurt others," said Cooper. "The girls hurt themselves."

The Already Punished

None of the people attached to Youth House claim to know the answers to delinquency. They do know that they can do little more than open a stubborn door very slightly. With heavy hearts they are forced to turn away young people in serious trouble because there is no room for them anywhere; to see the urgent recommendations concerning their temporary charges abandoned for lack of facilities, physical and psychiatric; to lose contact with them after they leave and thereby miss essential knowledge of their subsequent development. They are faced daily with apathy from the general public and violent opinions from fanatics.

"What these 'treat-'em-rough, give-'em-the-lash,' people don't understand," one Youth House worker said, "is that these children have already been punished severely; that what they do, however horrible, however frightening, is their answer to punishment. They have been punished by appalling homes, by filthy environments, by ignorant or violent or defective elders, by crushing boredom and crushing confinement. They have been punished by a society that does not know how to educate them, ethically or scholastically, by a material standard of living that they believe (from what they see and hear) can only be achieved by knuckle and claw. They have lived by punishment; it is the only thing they know, and punishment by law is only one more incentive to hate. Discipline and conscience cannot be

instilled by anger and revenge. These children have to be taught what love is, and they can only be taught its disciplines by being loved and loving."

This is a long, hard row to hoe. It is difficult to replace violence with kindness and tension with peace when these children are deluged in their daily experience, before and after sentence, to violence in every mass medium and tension in every home. It is hard to replace the image of a Cadillac, possibly stolen, with the image of a piece of work well done. It is hardest of all to show such children that strength is not a show of outward force but a state of inward worth, for this is the sensation of which they are most bitterly ignorant. They have been made to feel that they are nothing and nobody, and the only way they know to become something and somebody is to harm themselves and others.

To Combat Hate

To make them somebody, to return them to self—this is the recognized goal in the treatment of delinquency. Yet this understanding and treatment of children in trouble has been slow in coming. Since 1875 the delinquent children of New York had been "handled" like stray cats and dogs by the Humane Societies, in which the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children was a junior partner of the S.P.C.A. An investigation in the 1940's found the borough shelters run by the S.P.C.C. to be so appalling that LaGuardia began to close them down; in 1944, New York leased the house on East 12th Street, a solution so obviously inadequate and temporary that the Youth House board has been pleading ever since for proper quarters.

In July the Board of Estimate finally voted the $5.3 million necessary for the new Youth House for Boys in the Bronx, with accommodations for 315. Even this tardy victory was hard won. The Board clearly lacked any conception of what "detention" meant. Two members described the new house as a "Tiffany setting," and there was a loud outcry at the estimated expense per bed of $21,000. There was no realization that a maximum-security prison costs about $15,000 a bed and of course doesn't have the rapid turnover that a Youth House does. What communities are willing to pay for an admission of defeat they begrudge an experiment in hope.

YET THE NEW Youth House will begin to rise this autumn, a model of detention practices for at least ten years, it is thought. In the meantime, the old Youth House in the slums has left a profound mark. Through its evaluation reports on each young charge it has given the courts invaluable knowledge on which to base final judgments and dispositions and increased insight into the entire picture of delinquency. In its eleven years, it has trained a group of workers and teachers in the skills of understanding and help, and they in turn will train and influence many others in the use of love to combat hate, knowing that delinquents are children in trouble who need help—badly.

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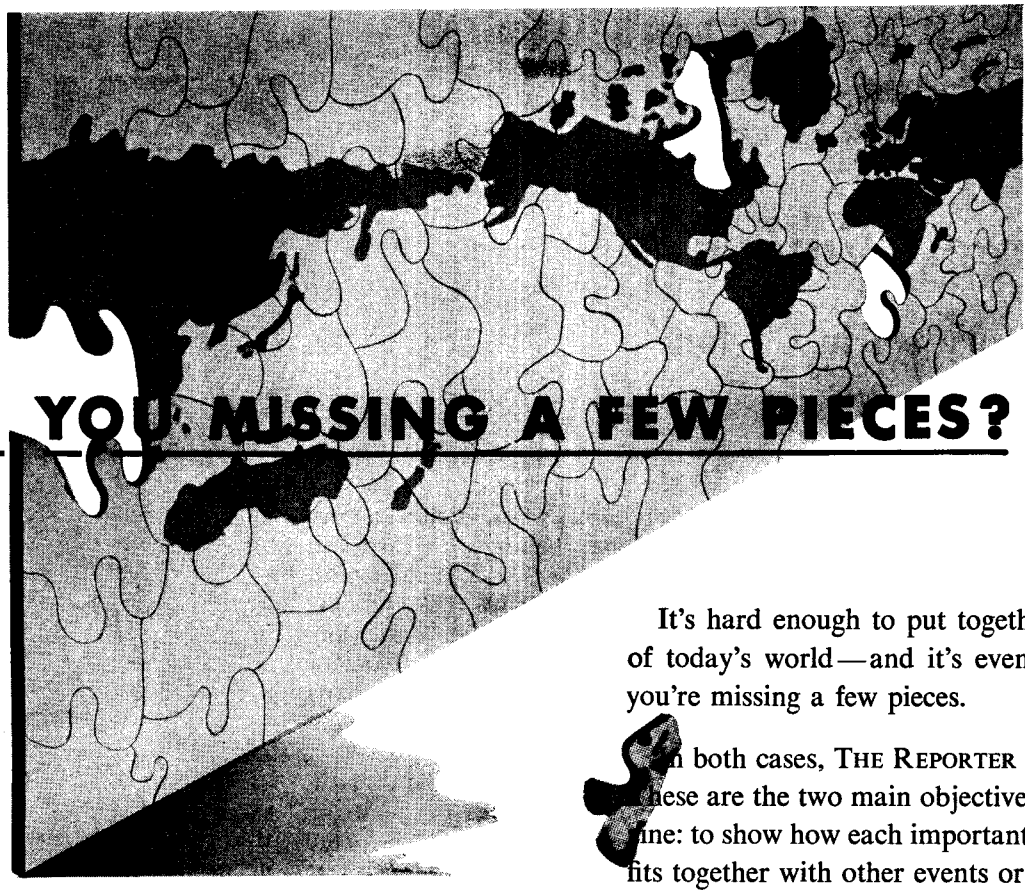

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The Tree Climber

A short story set in Ceylon

TAMBIMUTTU

MEN are the victims of what they love most. At least when I was a boy I thought so, because of what happened to Velu, the Tree Climber.

Almost from childhood, Velu had spent his working days in the coconut groves of Grandfather-with-the-Beard's estate, at Atchuvely village, in Ceylon. According to old custom, he received ten nuts for every hundred he plucked. We lived with our parents in Colombo, where we went to school, but spent our long school vacations at Atchuvely. On these holidays my five brothers and I often looked for Velu in the groves, and found him busy with his many tasks, tapping the coconut trees for toddy in the off season—when the palmyra palms, which give the better toddy, can't be tapped—bringing down the brown old leaves for thatch, or supervising the drying of the nuts for copra, which is one of our chief exports. Coconuts provide the easiest crop in the world, as far as I know, as well as the most generous. With occasional help in the crop periods, which came every two months, a man like Velu tended two hundred acres of them. Sometimes we found him planting new trees. The seeds were germinated for several months in the water of a disused well and planted in holes three feet deep, with some lime to sweeten the soil and some sea salt for the trees to feed on.

Velu carefully fenced the plants around with thatch to keep away the squirrels, porcupines, rats, and flying foxes. He weeded and watered them occasionally, watching out for the larvae that feed on the young leaves, for termites, and the destructive coco beetle. Once the plants were firmly rooted, he gave them little more attention. They bore their first crop at eight years. Velu had an extraordinary feeling of regard and affection for the trees he tended, and this he instilled in me and my brothers. And there was also the wonder and romance of the groves, for they were a world in which many exciting things happened.

WHEN WE ARRIVED at Grandfather's estate in 1922 to spend the long Christmas vacation, we made our first call on Velu. We arrived at his cottage toward sunset, accompanied by Great-Grandfather-with-the-Ear-Bobs, so called because he wore heavy earrings. Great-Grandfather wished to tell Velu that for the next six weeks he would need a daily supply of king coconuts, which are grown specially for drinking.

Velu's cottage of bright-red adobe and fawn-colored palm thatch, although typical of the village, was rather more spacious than his neighbors'. Like most of the other cottages in Atchuvely, it was fenced around with palmyra or coconut thatch, with a high gate of the same material opening onto a white-sanded path. To its right stood an open shed that housed his cow and pair of goats, and to its left the kitchen, an adobe-and-thatch structure open in front like a cave. All around were his jak and mango trees, and some bananas and pineapples. In front was his kitchen garden, one of the neatest in Atchuvely. Snake gourds a yard long hung green and silver from their frames, with tiles tied to the ends to aid their stretching among the bitter gourds and peas. Eggplants, tomato vines, and okra plants were fastened with banana cord to upright sticks. The betel and the aerial yam climbed up poles. The fat ash gourds and pumpkins sat on the red earth between the large, deeply lobed leaves.

About a hundred coconut trees radiated from Velu's well in the furthermost corner. Villagers say that a man lacks nothing if he owns half a dozen coconuts, a jak tree (whose monstrous fruit, growing by the shortest of stalks from the main trunk itself, weighs anything up to a hundred pounds), a cow, and a share in a paddy field. By these standards Velu was comfortably off.

VELU'S WIFE was the first to notice our arrival. A small, delicately made woman in a sari without a blouse, she was busy in the kitchen with her pots and curry bowls of smoke-blackened terra cotta. Women of her caste did not wear blouses, as others did, but simply threw the ends of their saris over their left shoulders. The evening fires were blazing cheerfully in the hearth, a series of horseshoe-shaped structures of clay at the far end. The scene inside—with stacked pots hanging from the roof in fiber cradles and all manner of kitchen utensils neatly hung in patterned palm-fiber holders on the wall—was mysterious, ritualistic and self-contained, a world apart, a village woman's world.

"Velu! Velo-o-o!" his wife called. Velu was at a neighbor's. He knew from her shout something special

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was on, so he arrived looking breathless. His lively face, rough with gray stubble, broke into a smile as soon as he saw us. As a mark of respect, he took off the shawl hanging on his shoulder and wound it up and tied it around his waist. Though he was fifty-one, he had a young man's cheerful, unlined face and characteristic Indian lips, soft and bow-shaped. It was a typical villager's face, a mixture of strength and that gentleness which travelers, perhaps romantically, have referred to as a flower-like quality. It looked as if he had been celebrating, drinking toddy.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" Velu chuckled. "So you have returned to Atchuvely to taste the king coconuts! Welcome, little kings! My eyes feel young again!"

His daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, brought chairs out into the open. We were entreated to sit even though we had called only for a moment. His tall, brown-limbed farmer son, the elder one, with just the *verti* or white nether garment wound around his middle so that his beautifully molded arms and chest showed to advantage over the narrow waist, was sent to the storeroom to get some king yams or palmyra sprouts to present to the visitors. The younger son, Gundu, stood by, grinning shyly. He had a luxuriant, unruly mop of hair on top of a clear-skinned fair face—a marked contrast to his nut-brown brother's. He was nine years old and very mischievous.

"Hullo, Gundu," I said looking at him suspiciously, as he shifted from foot to foot, with his hands clasped behind him.

"Going to climb The Tree this time?" he questioned with a superior air, bobbing his head up and down for emphasis. Gundu was nearly as expert at climbing trees as his father, though we had tried and could not climb at all.

"Who wants to climb trees?" I replied hotly, as if I didn't care, but the cunning devil knew I did.

"You must have a drink now!" Velu said urgently.

"No, not now," my brother Rutnam replied for us. We all knew that it is polite to refuse a drink.

That was only a formality, since nothing could stop Velu from giving us a drink from the special king

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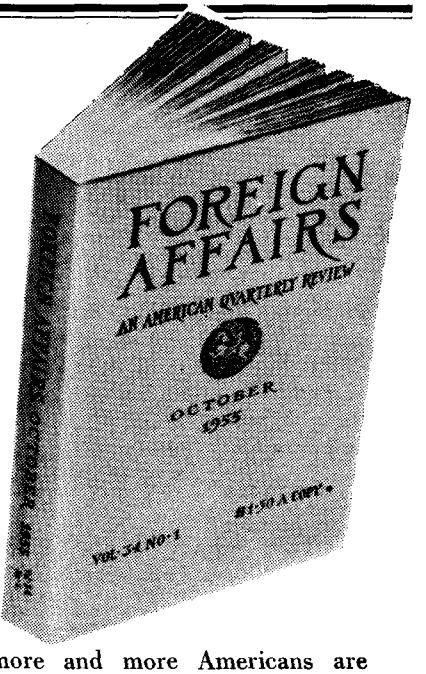

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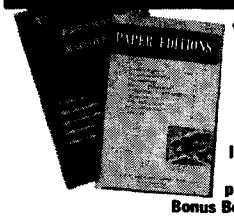

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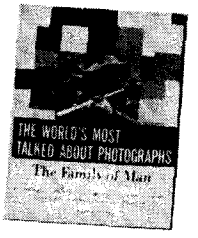

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coconuts which grew beside his cottage. He tucked up his spotlessly white *verti* between his legs and climbed the tallest of the three special trees, about ninety feet high, which was his favorite. When the stalk cap was removed, the nuts of these trees were a beautiful coral underneath, and all the way through when sliced, which made them unique in all our experience.

Almost with affection, Velu lopped off their green heads with quick strokes of his broad, heavy sickle-shaped knife. Then he cut wedge shapes or round holes in the pink crowns with the blade's pointed beak, and the nectar came fizzing up like a bubbly wine. We had our first taste of country-grown nectar in several months, and were conscious of the bounty of the trees. Not even the best lemonade in Ceylon can equal the drink from a freshly plucked king coconut!

Since we believe in the existence of "good" trees like the bo and "evil" trees like the neem, it was especially at such times that I thought of the coconuts as "good." Velu made us believe that. Owning them, he told us, was like having a cow, a field of flax, a carbonated-water factory, a vineyard, a forest of timber, a haystack for thatch, a compost heap, sacks of feed for cattle and poultry, a field of sugar cane, and a field of ground nuts. It was Ceylon's tree of life, providing everything from butter and milk and Ceylon gin (arrack) to the cottages themselves, which were almost completely vegetable in origin. It gave us sugar, fiber products, palm wine, and oil. "It is the most useful tree in the world," Velu told us, and we believed him.

DURING OUR VISIT, Velu arrived every morning as the sun shone yellow directly on our courtyard and again in the evening. He would bring toddy drawn from the trees for Great-Grandfather, and for us he had young coconuts. He arrived carrying the single large pot of toddy in a fiber cradle and the king coconuts on his shoulder, and if we wanted a drink right away, he would squat in the corner of the courtyard, cutting the coconuts with his great knife. He was so expert with his strokes that the crowns came off in neat wedges all joined together, leaving the domed drinking surfaces quite smooth. The unpaved courtyard surrounded by buildings and flame-of-the-forest trees was the limit of Velu's approach to Grandfather-with-the Beard's residence, as to all high-caste houses. Since he was low-caste he could not enter our house, just as we could not enter his or even drink water from his well. This seemed ridiculous to us, since we drank his toddy. (In less orthodox Colombo, caste barriers were almost nonexistent, except on the important question of marriage.)

Long before Velu's morning visit, we would hunt for him in the palm groves. He was easy to locate. The knock-knock of his toddy tapping sounded through the groves like the beat of a clock as he cut the flower stalks eighty feet and more from the ground and bruised them with salt and spices. Velu was lost in the sea of green above while he tied the terra-cotta pots to the cut buds and the palm wine flowed into them between leaves glinting in the morning sun.

Sometimes the pre-monsoon winds whipped up the leaves and they clashed like swords or serpents. The palm trees swayed as he floated dangerously in the green sea. Groaning, they swept an awesome arc in the darkening sky. They looked dangerous at such times—just as on that day Velu had told us, "There is a beehive ready to take down on that tree."

After dark that evening we went with him and his farmer son to the palm groves. Velu climbed up and we couldn't see clearly what he was doing. The top of the tree seemed to have caught fire. He had set fire to a hank of coconut fiber and was waving it around to smoke out the bees. Sparks flew among the leaves and rained down. The tree seemed to be angry, spitting smoke and fire. Though Velu descended soon as cheerful as ever with the comb, containing several pounds of honey, the impression persisted with me that in that darkness above Velu had been tampering with the forces of evil.

ONE DAY Velu's wife came to the groves, slightly bent, with her dark eyes looking around as if she expected to see a snake or an igua-

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na. "Gundu! Gundu!" she shouted. Gundu was hiding up a palm tree, of course.

She looked at us suspiciously, screwing up her small-boned face, framed with startlingly black hair done up into a smooth bun behind. "Little brothers, do you know where Gundu is?" she asked, looking harassed.

Before we could reply, Velu had come down from his tree. "What do you want with him?" He sounded like a mischievous schoolboy.

"I want him to go to the Junction Shop!" she shouted back. And then Gundu let loose a shower of nuts from his perch.

Her temper flared, and she screamed at Velu. "You and your trees! You spoil Gundu, and soon he will not be fit to lift a flea off a cow's tail! You and your trees! Oh, I wish I were dead!" She went back the way she had come. Gundu merely grinned. "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" Velu's stomach shook. He smiled at the boy lightheartedly and walked off to get on with his work. It seemed he conspired to keep Gundu in the palm groves with him, although there was very little for him to do.

"Why does she call the coconut trees evil?" I asked brother Rutnam.

"Who knows? They may be," he replied.

WHEN we were in Velu's company it was difficult to think of anything but the trees' bounty and beneficence. It was his husbandry of thirty-six years that had made them grow. His love for them was infectious. For us, he filled the whole coconut world with wonder. "These are the best fighting trees," he said proudly, pointing them out. They were the trees that bore the nuts with extra thick shells for the coconut-splitting contests in which Velu took part.

During these games, the bowler of the opposing team threw a nut as hard as he could, while Velu hit it with the one in his hand. He was "out" if his coconut split or if he didn't split the other. In some villages, Velu told us, the holy water from split coconuts is collected in a pot and then taken in procession through surrounding villages with cries of "Hoya!" The coconut water is wholesome and goodly and charms away disease. To hear Velu speak like this was to banish any suspicions I may have had that the coconut, like the neem and tamarind trees, was the haunt of devils.

Velu grieved whenever he had to destroy one of his trees. One day he pointed out to us an old tree that he thought was dangerous. "We will have to bring it down," he said unhappily. "I feel it's a mercy it was my grandfather and not I who planted it." Velu and Gundu then brought fiber ropes and tied the tree like a mast. Velu swung his ax above its base, and the sad old tree came crashing down. "It is a bad business," he said, and I thought so too. Then he cut out the enormous butter-colored cabbage in the tree's heart. It tasted delicious, like a cross between almonds and lettuce, and the surplus was pickled away. It had taken nearly a hundred years before we could have it, but it was well worth the waiting. Then Velu trimmed the trunk for a new well sweep.

"Do you know the coconut won't grow away from the sound of human voices or the sea?" Velu asked us. It is something all Ceylon villagers believe, so we raised our voices as we went through the groves, and the trees listened.

We had fine days at Atchuvely on that vacation. The sun was kindly, and we felt exhilarated by it. It was that gentle kind of sunlight which transforms everything it lies on into something young and glowing. Then one evening near the end of the holidays, before the break of the northeast monsoon, the clouds shut off the sun. It got dark and ominous in the mango and palm groves, and the cyclone struck us.

When a cyclone strikes, dust and the parched mango leaves rise from the ground in whirling eddies, and the forest groans. The coconut trunks bend like Rama's bow under the furious onslaught, their leaves chattering and hissing excitedly. Above the storm, we hear the thud of nuts dropping to the ground. Suddenly the heavens open and the torrent falls in solid sheets with frightening violence. The water screeches down the gutters and pipes, drowning conversation. The devils in the tamarind and the other evil trees are on the prowl. The fish are lifted

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out of the sea by the waterspouts to fall from out of the sky onto our coutryards.

When all this fury and clamor ceased, Gundu arrived at the house carrying a hurricane lamp that had gone out. He was crying. "Father is hurt," he sobbed. Grabbing our hats and raincoats, we hurried on through the flood with Great-Grandfather and Grandfather-with-the-Beard. The night was black, and we pointed our flashlights directly on the path before us so as not to stumble on the brambles and coral rocks.

When we got to Velu's cottage, we saw a dreadful sight. By the light of hurricane lamps and flares of bundled-up dry coconut leaves, we saw that his cottage had been crushed flat to the ground like an eggshell. On top lay a fierce, menacing shape, wet and glistening, its long trunk snaking away from the wreck. It was one of Velu's three special trees, the ones that bore nuts with coral pink insides—the tallest and the one he loved best. During the storm's fury it had come down. Now it looked triumphant, its blown leaves hissing with malice. Velu had been trapped by a heavy beam and his neighbors were busy extricating him. They were silent and downcast. As they put Velu onto a stretcher, I dared not go near. His wife and daughter stood sobbing beside his farmer son, and little Gundu talked wildly to his father as they carried him to a car.

Velu recognized us by the light of the flares and smiled. "It was the tree," he said wearily, "but don't worry. I will be back soon to look after the groves."

"Yes, Velu," said Great-Grandfather, who was visibly moved. He had known Velu since he was a child.

My brothers and I visited him the next day at Manipay Hospital, ten miles away, which was staffed with American and Ceylonese doctors. Great-Grandfather accompanied us. The place was cool and spotless with white beds, and nurses in white saris. Velu was unconscious. Before the next morning's sun rose we heard he was dead, and we returned to Atchuvely with his body.

The drummers drummed that day and the funeral horns blew as the women of Atchuvely mourned ceremoniously for Velu. Some stood in parallel lines and others sat in circles. Each one made up a couplet in verse about the dead man's virtues and the incidents in his life they remembered with affection. They chanted them in turn and wailed together for a refrain. Someone cursed the coconut tree. The chanting went on all day. My brothers and I stole into the hastily erected thatch pavilion under which Velu lay to have our last look at him. He looked peaceful on the white bier surrounded by white jasmines and oleanders. Tall eight-wicked coconut-oil lamps of brass stood at his head and his feet.

We attended his cremation at sunset. His elder son walked three times round the pyre, carrying an earthenware pot of water on his shoulder and sprinkling the water on the ground. Then he dashed it on the pyre. It burst, spewing water about like a "fighting coconut." He set fire to the four corners of the pyre, the men doused it with coconut oil, and it blazed.

On that day I decided the coconut was an evil tree, although it is very difficult for anyone to say with certainty which trees are good and which are evil.

"What do you think?" I asked brother Rutnam.

"I don't know," he said. "But the coconut tree is very useful."

"Yes," I said, "until it kills you."

At Atchuvely today it is Gundu who tends our groves. He is youthful and tall and golden, and he wears his headcloth at a gay angle. When he is up in the trees with the breeze ripping through and the nuts dropping around him, we almost imagine it is Velu. He has the same ready smile and confident air.

A Day in Berenson's Ninety-first Year

JUDITH FRIEDBERG

Bernard Berenson, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday in June, still maintains a pace that would weary men half his age. The art historian and connoisseur is supremely conscious that he has a limited time to see and do all he would like. What irks him most is the fact that he must waste so much time these days "just resting." Each moment, he feels, should be lived to the hilt, and he rations his time with an iron discipline. Wistfully he will sometimes say that he wishes he could stand on a street corner, hand outstretched, and say to passersby: "Won't you give me five minutes, please? They will not be wasted."

B. B. grows angry when congratulated on his advanced years. "It's no fault of mine that I got this far," he says. "I've always had a strong constitution and I was blessed with a good heredity." He recalls his grandfather who lived through his hundredth year, and one has the feeling that he fully intends to do as well. As he sees it, a combination of his own iron discipline and rugged constitution, plus the constant, loving care of his devoted friends and staff, has permitted him to continue living and working at a pace that may have slackened but not halted with the years.

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"They will kill me yet," wails Berenson as the daily batch of requests for interviews, visits, and consultations pours into the Villa I Tatti at Settignano outside of Florence. "I Tatti and I seem to be part of the Cook's tour. I must put a stop to it." Yet despite his protestations, he has been remarkably accessible to hundreds of visitors from all walks of life and from all countries who annually come to Florence to try to see him.

'Read This!'

The day begins early for the owner of I Tatti. Awake at six, he has his morning tea, reads the latest Rome papers, scans a magazine or two, and writes a few letters. (The magazines and papers are apt to turn up an hour or so later on the breakfast tray of a house guest with a pungent comment or a "Read this!" from B.B.) Affairs of the moment attended to, he turns to his serious work —at present a huge project to revamp his book on *Italian Painters of the Renaissance*. Propped up in bed, a writing board on his lap and a table at his side, he works away with a magnifying glass examining photographs. Occasionally he picks up a pen and jots down a cryptic note to be deciphered later in the day by his staff. Berenson plows ahead doggedly at this job, which he describes as a catalogue, profusely illustrated, of all the Italian paintings he has ever seen and which he views as the greater part of his legacy.

At nine B.B. has asked the house guest to come to his simple sunlit bedroom for a visit. He lays aside his work and, after the usual morning amenities about weather and sleep (chances are of late that he has slept badly), he gets right to the point. "What do you think of the article in the *Economist* I sent you this morning?" Or, "Do you agree with Lippmann's latest position?" Or, "Have you been to Israel, and if not, why?" The interrogation in B.B.'s clipped, slightly English accent is rapid-fire and direct. Questions are personal—"How is your love life?"—as well as political—"What do you think of Stevenson's chances next year?" There is a lively interlude of the very latest gossip from the literary world. Waving his

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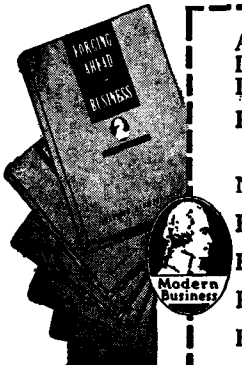

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hand over a huge pile of periodicals, all neatly marked with an "X" to show that he has perused them, B.B. says with a grin, "I subscribe to them all just to keep myself informed on the low state to which intelligence has sunk."

The clock is striking ten as B.B. dismisses his guest and returns to his writing board. In a few minutes Miss Nicky Mariano, his devoted friend, companion, and secretary, comes in to discuss a point in his book and his program for the day.

At noon, refreshed by a short nap, Berenson trots briskly downstairs and walks for precisely one hour in his garden. A tiny, trim, elegant figure, he wears a perfectly cut suit of English cloth (twenty years old, he explains), a slightly battered Panama, and a pair of serviceable shoes with thick soles—good for museum trotting or a walk in the woods. His blue eyes sparkle and seem even bluer because of his matching ties and handkerchiefs. In his lapel he wears a red carnation. He carries gray mocha gloves, and over his arm is flung a cashmere shawl just in case the air is too chill. He gazes out over the Tuscan hills as though seeing for the first time and says in awe," "I wonder where my eyes were yesterday."

On Independence

Guests who come for lunch at I Tatti are invited for one o'clock. They are welcomed by Nicky and shown about the house, then to the drawing room for a glass of vermouth and lemon. Promptly at 1:45 the host enters the room, greets his guests, and suggests lunch.

The meal is beautifully prepared and served with dispatch. The guests murmur approvingly of the table wine, which comes from I Tatti's vineyard. B.B. leads the conversation with an occasional assist from Nicky, who watches to see that no guest is left out. Newcomers may be in for a surprise if they think art will be the main topic. Old friends know that B.B. likes chitchat and provide it, but strangers, remembering their host's reputation for wit and wisdom, sit a bit in awe at first, preparing some suitably profound statement. B.B. catches them off guard with a direct query or a slightly outrageous remark. "Academic life is full of a lot of humbug, don't you think?" he says to a professor at the table. Turning to a beautiful, silent lady, he purrs, "Tell me, my dear, what do you do that is useful?" In short order B.B. disposes of Mortimer Adler, with whose ideas he is in basic disagreement. He turns to young writers and artists: "Inspiration through dissipation seems to be the motto of the day. I don't like it. They seem to think they must find their inspiration through alcohol and lechery," snorts the man whose motto has always been moderation. "I am a liberal," says B.B. with fervor. "I believe in all the liberty consistent with order. Liberty is freedom of a man to do what suits him best. Actually, I've been very lucky that way myself. I never wanted power or responsibility but I always had a fierce passion for independence. I think I attained it. I've certainly had independence to act, to choose, to think, and, above all, to speak."

Lunch is over quickly, and after coffee and farewells in the drawing room B.B. goes upstairs shortly after three o'clock to rest and work until tea time. The luncheon visitors linger awhile to look around and absorb the beauties of the house.

For Nicky there is little time for a siesta today. As he went out of the room B.B. had asked casually, "Nicky, dear, when was I in Cracow—1909?" Unable to answer immediately, Nicky bustles upstairs to her office and opens a paneled door. There, neatly arranged on shelves, are small bundles wrapped with brown paper and string. Nicky selects one and opens it, revealing a packet of loose-leaf pages crammed full of handwritten notes. She flips through them and at last her face lights up. "Here we are," she says. "Cracow—1908." She holds up a sheet and on it one can see the neatly penned notes of the visit of B.B. and his wife (she kept the log) to the private collection of a Polish nobleman in Cracow. There in detail is a description of a Renaissance painting and B.B.'s comments on viewing it for the first time. The notes are priceless and irreplaceable sources of information on the great private collections of the pre-First World War world, and serve as memory joggers to B.B. in his work today. What is so remarkable is the fact that the meticulously taken notes have been kept intact through half a century.

Picnic: Miss Nicky Mariano and B.B.

B.B.'s visit to Cracow established, Nicky then turns to some of his morning work notes. Deciphering a scrawl, she sees that while looking at a photo of a painting B.B. has been reminded of one by Giorgione. Nicky goes off to the library to consult one of the staff about finding a photo of a picture B.B. wants to look at again . . .

'What's Tito Like?'

Tea, served just before six—although guests arrive at five—is Berenson's period of relaxation. He walks brisk-

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ly into the room, carefully seats himself in the corner of his sofa, and invites a lady to sit next to him. As at lunch he leads the conversation, and as before the newcomers are somewhat awed. Suddenly B.B. fixes his eye on a guest recently returned from Belgrade and asks, "Tell me,

what's Tito like? I don't mean as a politician, that's obvious. But has he charm, has he any sex appeal? After all, that's what a dictator gets ahead on." B.B. gets his answer and deftly changes the subject. He talks nostalgically for a few moments of what life in America was like when he was a student at Harvard. "There are times," he says, "when my memory is one vast cemetery." He seems lost for a moment recalling picnics at the beach in the 1880's—"Oh the lovely white sand we have in America," he recalls with a sigh.

SOMEONE asks if Berenson regrets his sixty-five years in Italy and whether he feels any less an American because of them. That snaps him out of his reverie. "Not at all," he says vehemently. "Because I am an American, I am a European. Is that being paradoxical? I say it is not—for only an American can see Europe as a whole and not as single nationalistic states. I am not like some Americans who become 'patridiotic'—that word I coined—about some little part of Europe and forget their home. They develop an extreme passion for some little spot and can see no other. Of course I love Italy, but I love it as a European and as an American. Because I am both I love all of Europe."

It is past seven and B.B. rises. "It is time that this Victorian biped gets a bit of rest," he says with a twinkle and takes his leave. The exertion of so much talk is beginning to show. He plans to rest with a book before dinner.

'. . . to Contemplate Beauty'

Dinner is at nine, and one dresses at I Tatti. There are fewer at the table and conversation is at a minimum. "How I wish I had the time for leisure!" says B.B. to a young guest who has been discussing vacation plans. "That's the most blessed possession of youth." After the meal, B.B. leads the way back to the drawing room for coffee. A radio is playing quietly in the background; Nicky's knitting needles click away. B.B. sits with a plaid rug on his knees and looks slowly about the exquisite room. "If it were possible to do such a thing," he says, "I should like to haunt my house and my library. I have always said that my house is really a library with living rooms attached. I like to hope that my books will stay shelved and catalogued as they are now so that those who come after me will be able to continue my kind of work for years to come." Gazing lovingly at a favorite painting, he continues: "I should like to think that after I am gone students can come to I Tatti as they did to the medieval cloisters, to study, to escape for a while from the cares and clatter of the world, to learn of the past, and to contemplate beauty.

"Never, I think, has anyone who has reached my age been been so well taken care of. I doubt whether anybody has passed through life with so much freedom from forced labor as I have. Above all in the time left to me I hope that I can continue enjoying nature and people and go on taking an interest in what is happening around me."

IT IS ELEVEN, and B.B. rises. Picking up some books from the table, he walks slowly out of the room and up the stairs to work some more while he waits for sleep.

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New Orleans and New York

I. When Freedom Came

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

BAND OF ANGELS, by Robert Penn Warren. *Random House. $3.95.*

When a man is a good novelist he can put life into anything. He can take a pack of cards, spread them face down on the table, turn up three cards at random and in no time at all the queen of hearts, the king of spades, and the joker will be complicated human beings. Their values no longer are set once and for all according to Hoyle; they are men and women exposed to self-questioning, and subject to betrayal. The critic subsequently looking at the novelist's work is wasting our time when he points out the stereotypes to which characters can be traced.

Robert Penn Warren is a Southerner whose mind unavoidably is richly furnished with traditional images of steamboats on the great river, cotton plantations, the great house and the slave quarters, the good masters and the bad, slave markets, slaves marching in chains, Little Evas and the Civil War. This imagery does not belong exclusively to the South. Novels, from the Abolitionist to the nostalgic, moving pictures and musical comedies, have provided even Northerners with the same set of stock scenes and characters. But they are not our heritage; they do not impose on us the heavy burden the Southerner must bear. They do not even touch us emotionally until brought to life by someone in whose memory they had never ceased to live.

That is what Mr. Warren has done. In addition to being an interesting poet (*Brother to Dragon*), Mr. Warren is one of our best novelists (*All the King's Men*). That is why it is quite all right when his beautiful little Manty Starr hurries back from a border-state school to her bankrupt father's burial at Starrwood, the family place, and standing there at the raw grave hears a man saying to her, "Lady . . . I can't say as I like what I'm gonna do. But Lady . . . ," and is sold down the river, down to New Orleans into slavery. Her mother, it happened, had been one of Mr. Starr's blacks.

In New Orleans she stood on the auction block in a fine hotel ballroom and here again, because Mr. Warren is a good writer, what happens, whether one expects it or not, is entirely all right. A young dandy tries to buy her to use her as his mistress but old Hamish Bond buys her and wins her for his. It's all right, too, that on the night he enters her bed there should be thunder and lightning and torrential rain.

Hamish Bond's Fate

Old Hamish Bond made his fortune to avenge a poverty-stricken youth. He made it sailing slaves over from Africa. He used to bring the slaves up in batches from the hold to give them air and he had them wash. He fed them the rations he fed the crew. Unlike harsher and less farsighted captains, he never lost a cargo. He had kindness in him like a disease, "as a man might have a long disease." That is why he bought Manty Starr, and ran a plantation on which no slave was whipped.

Kindness could not solve Manty's difficulties, and when old Bond gave her her freedom that did not help matters very much. It was a little like when the war came and New Orleans fell and freedom came to everyone.

The freed slaves murdered the kindness that Hamish Bond embodied; they stood him on top of a cotton bale with a noose around his neck, but it was not to be as simple as that. They did not force him to jump, perhaps they would not have forced him to jump, perhaps they just wanted to see him deprived of his power of kindness. Perhaps they wanted a South no longer complicated by any intrusion of personal kindness or cruelty. Perhaps, in those first days of freedom and of appalling disillusion, the Negroes wanted a clean slate. At any rate, old Hamish Bond did not jump until he saw Manty standing there. Perhaps he too wanted an end to all complications.

THE WAR brought Tobias Sears down from Boston and of course he married Manty. Sears felt so strongly about freedom that he would command only Negro troops. He felt so strongly about the orderly and reasonable processes of freedom that he informed against his Negro friends when they confused freedom with violence and revenge. When the war was over he wrote a book to show that all the reasons for fighting the war had been betrayed, got himself disinherited by his father, and then traveled West with Manty.

At last there is the wonderful scene in which he can tell Manty that it was quite all right about her mother, and there is the quiet, tender moment in which Manty gives him this perfect occasion on which to display Abolitionist purity and logic of principle. Yet in this fine novel, melodrama, the picturesque, and principle are raised to the hesitating, questioning condition of life—in which no business can ever be set down as finished.

II. Central Park West

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR, by Herman Wouk. *Doubleday. $4.95.*

Because Marjorie Morgenstern did pretty well in a Hunter College play she changed her name and set her heart on becoming an actress. She did not become one because she had only an amateur talent, and because she was talked at for 565 closely printed pages by one of the greatest bores ever to appear in fiction. It is only after reflection that it is possible to discover the relationship between the man who could write such fine action as there is in *The Caine Mutiny* and the author of *Marjorie Morningstar*. The connection is this: In *The Caine Mutiny* there is a fine sea story and a fine trial scene; there is also a self-conscious and vaguely sociological love story before Willie joins his ship—a story that no one but Willie remembers once the excitement starts—and there is the fact that the author irrelevantly made the defense lawyer in the trial a Jew. In *Marjorie Morningstar* all the pro-

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tagonists are Jewish, and no excitement comparable to that in *The Caine Mutiny* is provided to distract the attention from this circumstance. This stern concentration on Jewish people in New York, and not the story it tells, is what gives this novel surprising interest.

The Young Rebels

Mr. Wouk's young heroes are rebels against the Jewish tradition, and the author gives every appearance of taking very seriously indeed the arguments they present to justify their rebellion. The Jewish faith is folklore, they tell each other, and the Jewish family is bourgeois dead weight. So is virginity, Noel Airman, the novel's prize stinker, tells Marjorie, but he is far too sophisticated to trust greatly to that unoriginal observation in furtherance of his aims. Noel, son of Judge Ehrmann, is a song writer who on occasion breakfasts on whiskey and oysters and then produces a fully worked out, very long, and in his opinion entirely new explanation of man's activity on earth since the dawn of history. It is the desire for "hits."

The author, it turns out, is a conservative in disguise. No matter what he lets the young people say and do, no matter how he understands the folly that blinds them to anything but introspection, it is the older generation that is right; it is Marjorie's father in his patience and humility, Marjorie's uncle in his buffoonery, poverty, and laughter, who are right. Marjorie herself is right when, all illusions gone, she marries and settles down in Mamaroneck.

Noel Airman blamed everything on the Jews because he was Jewish, but this novel might have been about an Irishman blaming Ireland for everything—that story has been written often enough. Or it could have been about Boston, with a banker's daughter rebelling against the system by which Harvard supplies husbands and vice-presidents for banks. It is a story of youth—the young sometimes get lost entirely—and because it is about Jewish youth, there enters even into the twin-towered El Dorado apartment house on Central Park West something like heat lightning, a shimmering, constant reflection from immemorial grandeur.

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Book Notes

The Notebooks of Major Thompson, by Pierre Daninos. Translated by Robin Farn. Illustrated by Walter Goetz. *Knopf. $2.95.*

Major Marmaduke Thompson is the Frenchman's dream of the traditional Englishman. He has served the Empire in all sorts of out-of-the-way places that should have belonged to the French, and now, retired, he has shown fundamental good sense by coming to live in France. He has even married a Frenchwoman and this has been made possible because his first wife, British, who looked like a noble horse, was taken from him when a noble but stubborn mount of hers refused a jump. The Major is a bit prejudiced about Franco-British history, but since in the French view all Englishmen are childlike, he is open to enlightenment — which means that he is capable in due course of loving France. He is greatly helped to attain this most desirable of all achievements by the fact that his relationship to author Daninos is that of Charlie McCarthy to Edgar Bergen: The Major is a literary device permitting an intelligent Frenchman to write about his own country — but nothing much new about it—while having a bit of fun at the expense of the neighbors across the Channel.

The Vintage Mencken, gathered by Alistair Cooke. *Vintage Books. 95 cents.*

H. L. Mencken is seventy-five now, and probably there are few people alive today who hate him. If it were not that the dead cannot hate, some of the dead would hate him. After what he did to William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes "monkey" trial, Mencken would expect Bryan to be hating him still and he would expect the same from Woodrow Wilson. And of course from the "booboisie." But the booboisie has vanished; we do not believe in it any more. It thrived under Harding and Coolidge; it was transformed into a humanity one could not sneer at when distress came—the depression and the war.

Mencken's ideas were never very serious. But when you read this excellent selection from his work you can see how brave a writer he is.

The Rhine, by Felizia Seyd. *Doubleday. $5.*

Nijmegen and Remagen were Rhine town names that everybody knew during the war just as there have been the names of Rhine towns that have been known in many wars for many centuries. But now tugs are pulling their strings of barges in the river, and excursion boats are traveling up and down so that people can look up at the castles. Switzerland is again linked to the sea, and all along the great stream a place name once again means an ancient church, a market place, a university. For that reason this richly illustrated guidebook makes happy reading indeed.

Waterfront, by Budd Schulberg. *Random House. $3.95.*

Out of a stark film Budd Schulberg has made a starker novel. The film and this novel put on record the shame and misery in which men are still forced to live on the waterfront of our greatest city in spite of newspaper crusades, investigating committees, and wave after wave of "reform."

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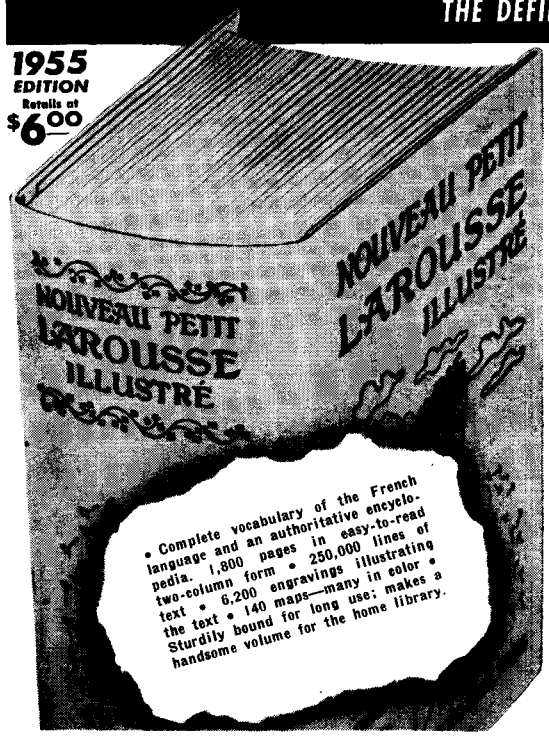
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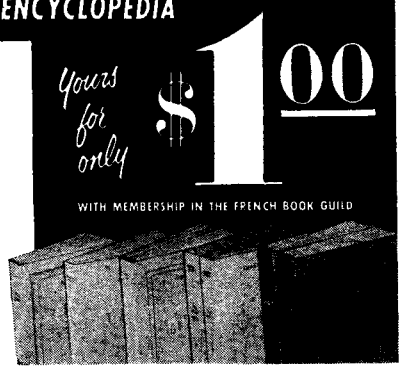

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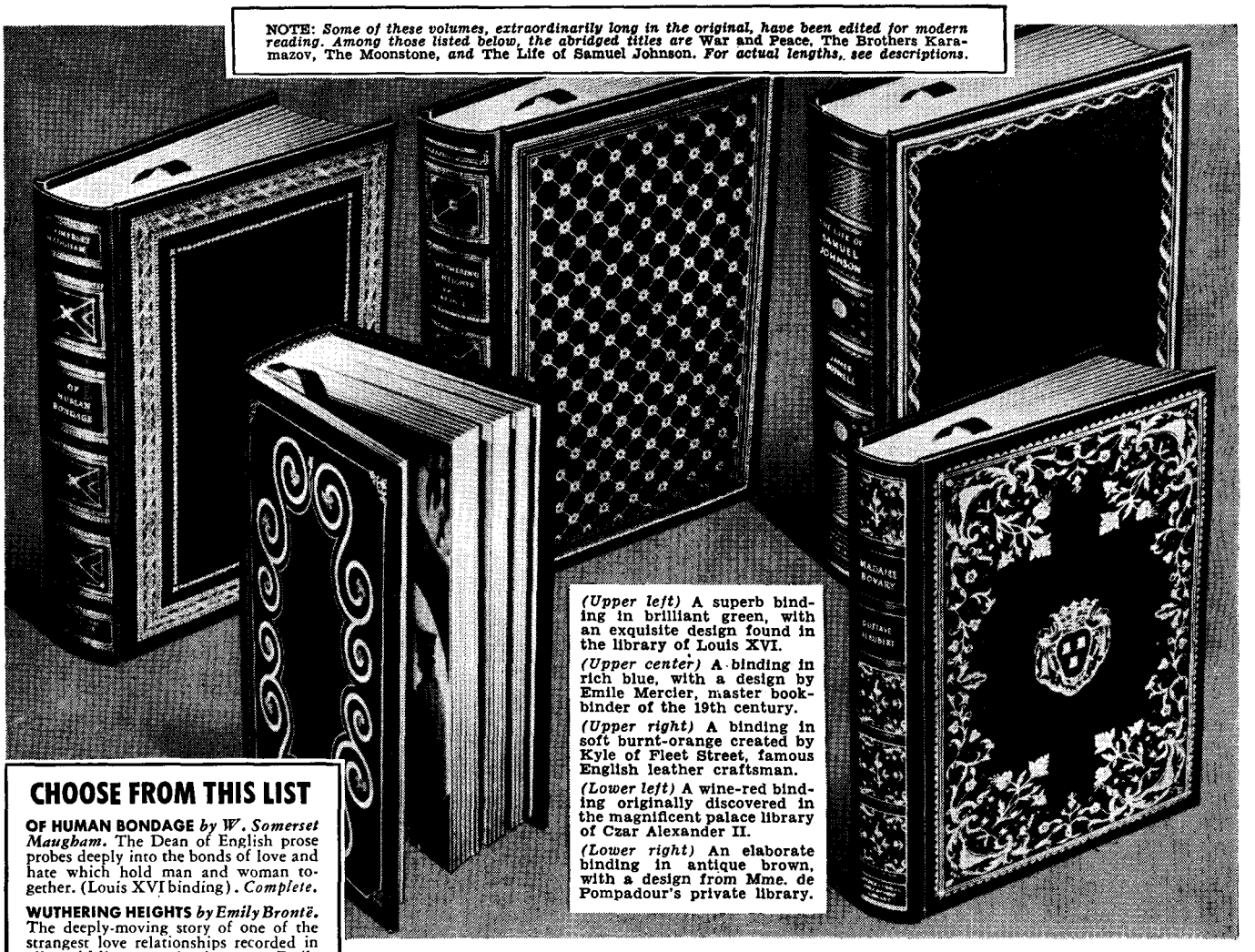

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